Springfield, Missouri

The Outlook

April 2, 1924

Dilatory

IT is the fault of the Senate that Congress has not accomplished anything. That at least is what leaders in the House of Representatives who sat at dinner in the White House are said to have told President Coolidge.

Yet one may shrewdly guess that when he has the Senate leaders to dinner, as he plans to do, the President will hear that the failure of Congress to accomplish anything is all the fault of the House of Representatives.

"Passing the buck" is slang. It has not yet been accepted by the lexicographers. But the practice has been accepted by our august Congress.

Saying "Brother did it" is not going to save Congress from the switch that is seasoning for it over the chimney-piece of the Nation. The better part of four months has been frittered away with nothing done. Not even one appropriation bill has been passed. No money has been provided for carrying on the business of government. Remedial legislation has made no substantial progress.

In a little more than two months the National Conventions meet. The President has asked Congress to be ready to adjourn by that time. Almost certainly Congress will adjourn by that time; but readiness for adjournment is hardly conceivable. With election looming ahead, Congressmen—including Senators—will be extremely anxious by about the middle of May to get home and "look after their fences." However, it is going to be excessively difficult to put top rails on fences that have been swept entirely away in a flood of public indignation.

Making Government More Responsive

WITH a vote of 63 to 7 the Senate has passed a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution in such way that Presidential inaugurations will take place on the third Monday in January instead of March 4 and newly elected Congresses will assemble on the first Monday in January immediately following their election. The latter is the main and the former the incidental object of the proposed amendment.

Ever since the adoption of the Constitution Congresses elected in November of one year have not assembled until December of the following year, an interval of thirteen months. There has been, latterly, much complaint of this. The voters, it has been pointed out, express their will as to what legislation shall be enacted—make the expression in the only way provided for them, at the polls—but legislation in compliance with their wishes cannot be even begun for more than a year and, if important, can hardly be completed in less than a year and a half. And during this interval, it is argued, legislation contrary to the will of the people continues in force.

The present Congress would probably have deported itself much as it is doing regardless of when it might have met. The Veterans' Bureau "scandal" and the oil "scandal" would have been brought out, doubtless, just the same. But they would not have come so close to a Presidential and Congressional election. There would have been time, not only to conclude the investigations, but for the people to pass some sort of judgment on the finished products of investigation, free from the excitement of a political campaign. There would have been, doubtless, less opportunity to "play politics" in the halls of Congress and in connection with matters which should not be the football of partisan advantage.

It is difficult to find any real objection to the purpose of the proposed amendment except the inherent objection, such as it is, of the American people to any sort of change in the Constitution. Conditions which in the early days of the Republic made necessary a long interval between the election and the convening of a Congress no longer obtain. Then, though all the States were along the Atlantic, a period of months was required for Congressmen to reach Washington. Now, though the Nation stretches to the Pacific, its most distant representative can reach the capital in five days, and even the Delegates from its farthest island possession can arrive within the month.

The resolution proposing the amendment was introduced by Senator Norris, Republican. There is no apparent opposition to it anywhere, and, unless Congress becomes so enmeshed in bickerings that it can accomplish nothing, it appears not unlikely that the amendment will be offered to the States for ratification.

We wish the opinion of the Supreme Court could be obtained as to whether or not the proposed Constitutional amendment is really required in order to achieve an end which practically every one admits to be desirable. The Constitution says that the President's term should be of four years. If the time of the inauguration were changed, some President would have to give up a few months of his term, but in practice the President's term of office has not always been four years in length. Washington's first term, for instance, was abbreviated.

Investigation

IN the oil investigation nothing of consequence was elicited in the week prior to our going to press. There were charges, of course, but nothing of any consequence that would be regarded by any impartial tribunal as evidence.

Mr. Hays, former Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was called to the stand and testified that, instead of giving 75,000 shares of stocks, supposed to be worth a million dollars or more, Mr. Sinclair had given $75,000 to the Republican campaign fund. It had already been ascertained that Mr. Doheny, the other principal oil man operating under the Naval Reserve lease, had contributed to the Democratic campaign fund. Mr. Hays made it clear that he had nothing to conceal.

When Mr. Sinclair was called to the witness stand, he declined to testify. The reason he gave was that the entire matter under *ex parte* investigation of the Committee had been referred by Congress to the courts. The Senate by a vote of 72 to 1 decided to refer Mr. Sinclair's refusal to testify to the District Attorney with a view to indictment.

In the Daugherty investigation the most definite testimony related to graft in the withdrawal of liquor from warehouses. There have been many accusations. In general, the testimony tended to deepen the impression that Mr. Daugherty had associations which were of a character to destroy confidence in him and in the conduct of the Depart-

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ment of Justice. But, as heretofore, specific evidence against Mr. Daugherty personally has been mainly, if not wholly, hearsay, and not a little of it has come from witnesses that are not very credible.

If either the oil or the Daugherty investigation seemed likely to lead to any real correction of evil, the people would be more tolerant of what is going on now in Washington. Unfortunately, the mass of hearsay and gossip is as likely to cover up evil as it is to expose it, and to serve, not the public interest, but the interest of partisan politicians.

Gloomy Tax-Reduction Prospects

THE prospect for scientific tax reduction at this session of Congress appears, to say the least, gloomy, and there is as yet no certainty of any tax reduction, even unscientific. The Senate Finance Committee has made its report in favor of the Mellon Bill. There still, however, remains a fight on the floor of the Senate, in conference committee of the two houses, and again in the House of Representatives on Senate and conference changes.

Another attempt has been made to secure by resolution the cut of 25 per cent in 1923 taxes, which, all parties are agreed, is desirable. President Coolidge, immediately after the Longworth Bill went to the Senate committee, urged this action in a special Message. His appeal was practically ignored, leaders taking the position that there was not time for such action before the first installment of tax payments was due. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon has now made a similar appeal and has submitted a plan which would make the proposed cut effective on June payments, making allowance at that time for over-payments in March. There are no indications that Secretary Mellon's appeal will be more effective than that of the President. The Democratic-Insurgent coalition, which appears to dominate the situation, seeing that immediate reduction would release the President from pressure to sign an unsatisfactory tax-reduction bill, naïvely argues that the demand for reduction by resolution is a political play. The Democrats and Insurgents calmly ignore the fact that their own avowed excuse for opposing this immediate relief is solely political.

The Longworth Bill, which passed the House, is a poor compromise at best. As Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has announced, it lacks at least $100,000,000 of providing the revenue that is needed. Senator Smoot's conservatism in the tax-reduction question is well known. He is loth to run any risk in cutting down revenue. The Mellon Bill will undoubtedly provide the needed revenue, and it will cut down tax burdens materially. Failure to reduce taxes at this session of Congress will arouse public indignation.

Question Box

I

How will radio affect your grandchildren's lives?

II

How many of you have played—or will play—any part in the selection of delegates to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions?

III

And how many will take part in the next Congressional primaries? Well, why not?

Being Generous with the People's Money

CONGRESS has been considering a bill to appropriate some millions of dollars to purchase food for the people of Germany.

It is argued on behalf of this bill that "we did not fight women and children," and that, as we have a surplus of foodstuffs in this country, our Government ought to buy food (especially wheat) and send it over. The argument in favor of the bill is one which is calculated to appeal to a naturally generous people.

The fact, however, that we have plenty of food here and that there is a lack of food in Germany is no reason whatever for a Congressional appropriation. If the people of this country wish to give, they have ample opportunity. The business of Congress is not to hand out alms to anybody, but to act as a trustee for public moneys in accordance with purposes defined by the Constitution. Some years ago, as Mr. A. S. Lanier, an attorney of Washington, D. C., has pointed out, Congress empowered the Secretary of Agriculture to inspect certain live stock about to be slaughtered. An inspector, appointed by the Secretary, received a bribe in discharge of the duties prescribed by the act. His indictment was quashed on the ground that the act was without Constitutional warrant, and therefore void. If such a law cannot be defended on the ground that it is for "the general welfare," as that phrase is used in the Preamble to the Constitution, then certainly such an appropriation as that now proposed for the benefit of the German people cannot be defended. Certainly conditions in Germany are not such as to make it clear that the welfare of the American people is involved. Congress has no more right than any other trustee to be generous with trust funds.

The President of the United States has distinctly expressed his opposition to such an appropriation. He has not objected to private gifts or to loans, but he has declared that there is no occasion for an appropriation by Congress.

Politicians who wish to win the votes of pro-Germans or of farmers who have wheat to dispose of ought to secure political support by some other means than that provided in the so-called Newton Bill.

Political Straws

IF primaries were straws that tell how the Presidential winds will blow, then it would seem as if President Coolidge and William G. McAdoo had the best chance to carry the banners for the Republican and Democratic parties, respectively. Winds of any kind, however, are fickle, and early primaries are not the means of forecasting them. At present Mr. McAdoo's nomination seems unlikely, while Mr. Coolidge's seems almost as certain as anything political can be.

So far Mr. Coolidge has done well. On March 11 New Hampshire selected for delegates at large seven candidates who were pledged for Coolidge. Senator Moses was an eighth candidate. He favored Coolidge, but was unpledged. As a result he ran last in the field, and so failed to gain a place in the coming Convention.

In North Dakota, supposedly a joint domain of Hiram Johnson and Robert La Follette, where primaries were held on the 18th, Coolidge gained a very considerable victory, receiving unexpected support from the farmers. Johnson's supporters were grievously surprised when La Follette, whose name was placed on the ballot by means of a sticker, came in second, topping Johnson by a very definite number of votes. La Follette's considerable vote is a notifica-

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I'll look no more; lest my brain turn

(King Lear, Act IV, Scene 6)

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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The favorite child

From Mrs. C. N. Whittaker, Lawrence, Mich.

Temple in the New Orleans Times-Picayune

"Elephants a-pilin' teak
In a sludgy, squdgy creek"

From Mrs. E. F. Murrah, Covington, La.

Darling in the New York Tribune

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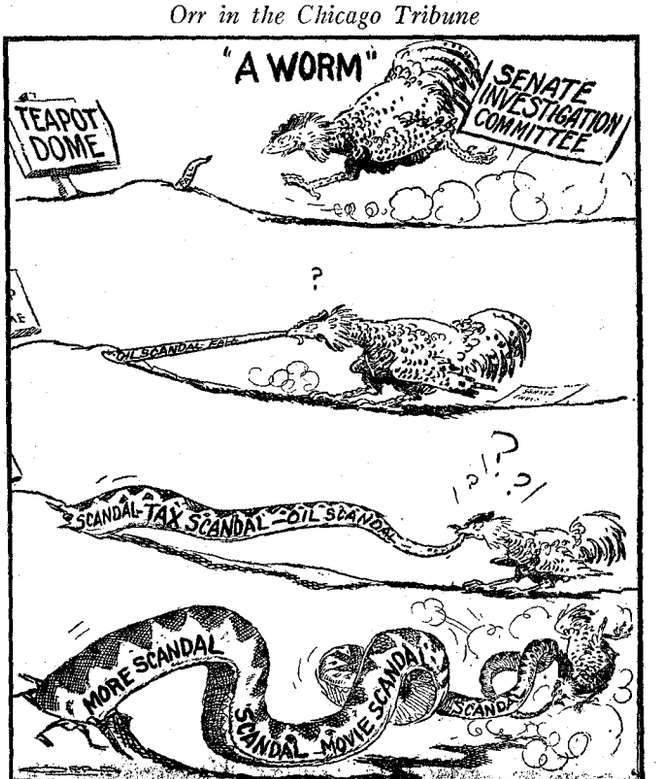
Standing the test

From William A. Stewart, Philadelphia, Pa.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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How much longer?

From George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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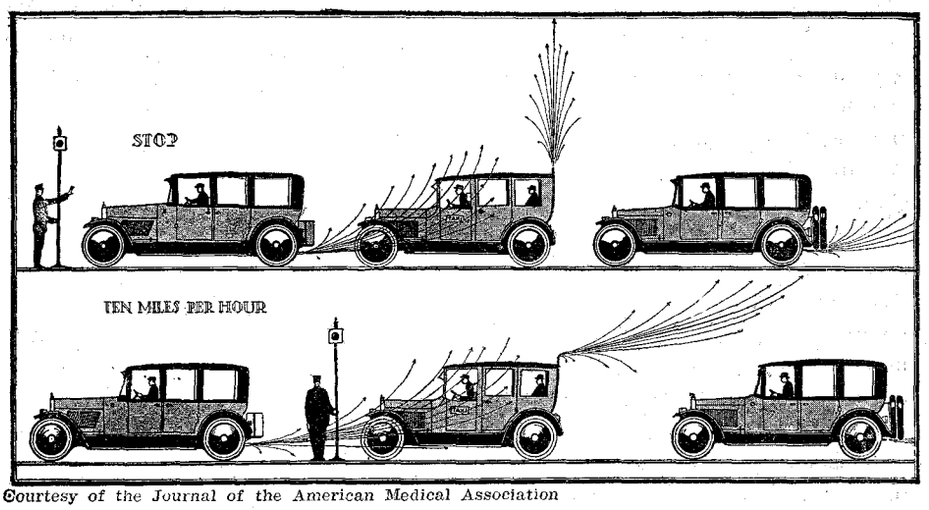
tion that the Wisconsin Senator, his war record forgotten, must be reckoned with. His third party possibilities must make pleasant reading for the Democratic candidates.

As to these latter, Senator Underwood, considered a promising candidate, was defeated in Georgia by a vote of 216 to 52. This was an unexpectedly large victory for McAdoo, even in his native State. But the best informed in politics do not expect Mr. McAdoo to win the nomination, even though it is likely that he will enter the Convention with a plurality of the delegates.



©Courtesy of the Journal of the American Medical Association

The contrast between the present and proposed methods of distributing the poisonous exhaust gases in crowded streets

A New Traffic Menace and the Defense Against It

As though the enormous and rapidly increasing amount of automobile traffic were not already a sufficient menace to the life and limbs of pedestrians living in large cities, we find ourselves brought face to face with another very real danger—the poisoning of the air with a vast amount of carbon monoxide and other noxious gases coming from the automobile exhausts.

Frequent deaths in garages testify to the deadliness of carbon monoxide. Fortunately, the body is able to throw off a not overwhelming amount of this poison. There are several compounds frequently added to gasoline, however, which through the exhausts produce gases that are more poisonous, and one of which, lead oxide, actually accumulates in the body, which seems unable to throw it off, until a toxic amount is attained.

Gases as hot as those from the exhausts would ordinarily tend to rise, but, being directed along the ground as they are, they immediately mix with the cooler air and, instead of rising, collect at about breathing level, or, let us say, in a stratum about fifteen feet deep.

Thorough experiments on the part of Dr. Yandell Henderson and Dr. Howard W. Haggard, of Yale University, have proved that in crowded traffic ways the poisonous gases collect in a menacing amount, not only threatening the health of pedestrians and traffic police, as well as the drivers of cars, but the occupants of shops and buildings generally along such avenues. As buildings discharge their heat from upper windows, and draw in air at about ground level, it is obvious that the tainted air may have an effect even upon persons living or working in the upper stories of buildings.

The matter is serious enough to have created a considerable study of the problem. The solution, according to various authorities, including Professor Henderson, is rather simple. It consists in having the exhaust made vertically, from a point above the top of the car, truck, or bus. Being directed upward, the heated gas will continue to rise, and so lift itself far above the air that is being breathed. So simple a solution of a very real danger should appeal to authorities as well as to car-owners living in large cities.

Substituting a Pair of Scales for a Medical Inspector

From time to time during the last two years The Outlook has insisted that it is dangerous, as well as unfair, to say that children are "under-weight" or that they have malnutrition merely because they happen to be slender. One's type of build is largely a matter of heredity.

Recently Charles K. Taylor, who has been writing on this subject for The Outlook, gave a summary of the "under-weight delusion" over the radio station WJZ. As a result there came a number of letters in approval. From two of these the following extracts have been taken. They express the experience of many parents. Obviously, the only way to find malnutrition is by medical inspection, and this is something every child should have. In one of these letters a mother writes:

> I have two girls, perfectly healthy, but small-boned, and so several pounds under-weight, according to all schedules. My husband and I each weigh about 115 pounds. They both stand as high as any in their classes, yet every so often I have to argue with teachers against placing them in the milk classes because they do not weigh what the chart calls for.

In the other letter a father writes:

> As a teacher of fifteen years' experience and a parent of ten years' experience I have for some years felt, as a result of somewhat restricted but careful observation, that weight-for-age-for-height was receiving entirely too much attention.
>
> The influence of this unjustifiable importance attached to these figures is, in my estimation, decidedly pernicious and cannot be passed by lightly on the grounds that it is, at worst, harmless.
>
> It is not harmless; far from it. If I had been sufficiently ignorant, I would have done my young son a real injury by assuming that he was in good physical condition simply because the school nurse described him as "such a sturdy little chap. You know, he is actually above normal in weight as related to his age and height."
>
> On the other hand, I would have been unduly concerned and worried when the same nurse reported (on the blanks provided by the State for the purpose) that my daughter was "seriously under-weight." Had I been more ignorant, I would have given more weight to these reports and probably distrusted a perfectly competent physician who examines these children most thoroughly at regular intervals when he described the son as being in poor shape from malnutrition and the daughter as being in fine condition.

Should the Government Support Universal Physical Education?

John R. Quinn, National Commander of the American Legion, has sent broadcast a strong appeal for Governmental support of universal physical education. Much of what he says covers a very real neglect in our school systems. Most of our physical educational work in schools is highly inefficient, when there is anything deserving that name at all.

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Commander Quinn's broadcast appeal should do much to arouse a more energetic demand for the physical training of school-children and the removing or improving of their many physical defects. A move of this kind does Commander Quinn and the Legion much credit.

The essence of his demand is that the Federal Government should agree to share the expense involved in training the regular teachers as well as special leaders in order that they may all work together to make physical education really universal.

It should be observed, however, that the many neglected defects properly noted by Mr. Quinn cannot be removed merely by physical training. These defects can be found only by medical and physical examinations on the part of specialists, and their removal requires a co-operation between medical inspectors and physical trainers. This can be done. The special classes in the public schools of Kansas City, Missouri, are excellent illustrations.

Our children should not depend upon grade teachers for their physical training. These teachers have enough to do. Furthermore, this is a specialty requiring specific training and experience. Some communities (rural as well as urban) have shown it is possible to provide such training. If some can do it, then all can.

The Government might do well to aid in developing a proper interest in this serious manner. We are not so certain that we should want any Governmental bureau to gain any control over even a part of our public school organizations. Emulation between States has done much to improve educational methods, and a similar competition should do as well with physical training and medical inspection. It might well be the duty of a central bureau to survey the work of each State and, by publishing comparative reports, spur backward communities into doing their duty. Commander Quinn does well to emphasize so vital a need. We feel, however, that it is one for the States and municipalities to deal with rather than the Federal Government.

Country Schools with City Advantages

While less spectacular than some of the measures which have been proposed for improving the conditions of American farms and farmers, the consolidated schools that are now being established, especially throughout the Middle West, represent a fundamental sort of community progress. Taking the place of the old one-room district school, the consolidated grade school and the county or union high school are beginning to furnish the same educational opportunities that town and city children have long enjoyed. This movement, together with the tendency to lengthen the school year, indicates the interest of farmers in education and their willingness to spend money for good schools near at hand.

In Kansas this year, for instance, the Legislature was pledged to a programme of rigid economy, and yet found it advisable to pass a law making the minimum term for rural districts eight months instead of seven, thus adding approximately one-seventh to the annual cost of rural schools. A recent Kansas law has provided for the building up of rural high school districts, and the scheme has become so popular that efforts are now being made to discontinue the county high school and develop the rural districts instead. Some of these rural high schools are in small towns, but others are in the country, with no buildings near except the "teacherage," and not always that. Better roads and the automobile have made these consolidated schools possible, and the inefficient one-room type is rapidly disappearing in most of the Western States. Consolidation is also gaining favor in Eastern and Southern sections.

Thus a permanent and constructive influence is being exerted toward more congenial rural life. Farm boys and girls are given better training and can live at home during the high school period. In comfortable school busses, supervised by teachers or responsible drivers, the children are taken to and from school at public expense. The school work is adapted to their particular needs, and they benefit by the social contact that the larger attendance affords. The large, well-equipped school plant is a center for neighborhood gatherings, and much of the loneliness of farm life is dispelled. Lectures, musical programmes, conventions, Sunday schools, the best moving pictures, night classes for adults—all are a logical part of the consolidation plan. It often overcomes old factional animosities, is a direct influence toward better homes, and forms a vital agent in checking the migration from country to town.

President Eliot's Advice

As Mr. George Wigglesworth, President of the Overseers of Harvard College, said to President Eliot at the celebration of his ninetieth birthday, to a life such as his, of "unflagging and methodical industry in the fields of highest usefulness," there comes "no old age."

Charles W. Eliot received many tributes at that celebration. One was conveyed by the Chief Justice from the President of the United States. Another was from Harvard's sister university, Yale, delivered by President Angell. Another, of course, was from the present President of Harvard, Mr. Lowell. And tributes were paid to him by graduates and undergraduates of the University.

But better than any tribute to him could be was the expression of his own youthful spirit and ripened wisdom in the counsel which he gave to the young men of the University, and from those words of advice we quote the following as of general application:

> Serve the country, serve her in peace as well as in war, serve her by sacrificing money, for example, high professional earnings, in order to take public office, elective or appointive office. Serve her by your personal exertion in the towns, the cities, and communities where you settle for your life.
>
> One other thing I want to say to you, young men—use the opportunity of selecting studies which you have at Harvard to find out while you are here in what work, in what profession, you can find joy in your work all your life. That is the thing that every young man ought to seek to find out—in what calling, in what profession, in what occupation am I going to find the work which will give me joy all my days? I have learned by observation of my own life—and I have indulged very little in such observations—but I observed some time ago that a large part of the happiness of life for me has come out of the joy in work. See to it, therefore, that you learn in what occupation or profession you will find long and continuous joy in work.
>
> There is one other exhortation which I should like to give you. Avoid to the utmost introspection. Avoid dwelling on your own state of mind. Does that seem to you opposite from the direction I last gave you? I said you should seek to find out where you could get joy in work. No, the joy in work which you will need does not involve self-reference. It does involve study on your part and with the help of teachers and friends, attention to what calling there is in which you will find joy. But it does not involve introspection, reflection on yourself, or,

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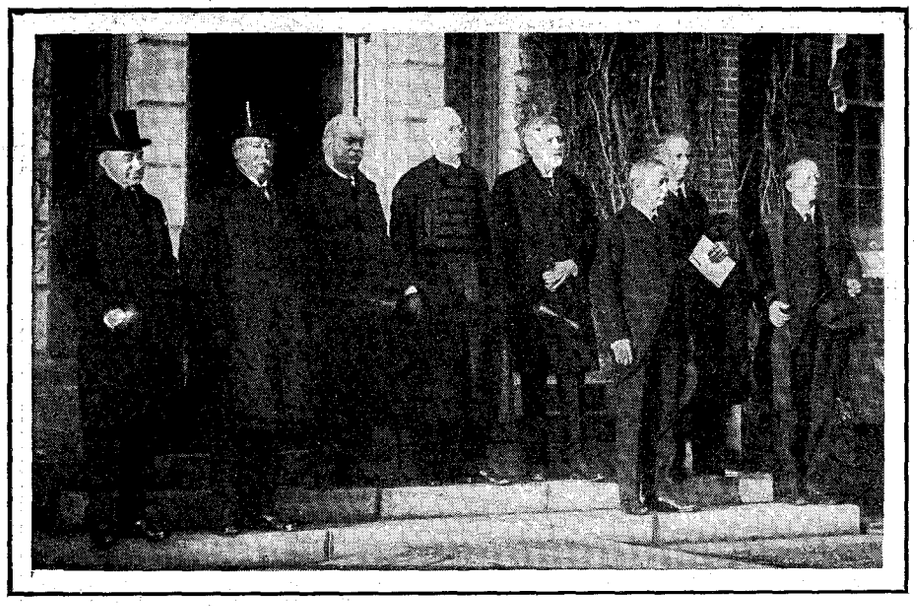

Dr. Charles W. Eliot at the exercises in honor of his 90th birthday, in front of the Phillips Brooks House, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Left to right: Governor Cox, of Massachusetts; Chief Justice Taft; C. T. Greve, of the Associated Harvard Clubs; Dr. Eliot; Justice Edward T. Sanford; President Angell, of Yale; Dean Briggs; and in front President Lowell, of Harvard

as it is common to speak of now, self-expression. The less you think of yourselves in this world, the better, and the sooner you get the passion for serving others, at home and abroad, at home particularly, the better. Do not put off marriage too much. Do not wait till you think you can offer the girl you want to marry all the luxuries and privileges to which in her father's home she was accustomed. When you have made up your mind, give the girl a chance to tell you hers. . . .

A large part of the happiness I experience to-day comes from the fact that the hundreds of testimonies which reached me come from persons who are complete strangers to me and always have been, from persons with whom, according to their stories, I never had any direct contact. They tell me that their careers have been determined by something they heard me say at a public meeting in their town, or by a passage in my writings which early attracted their attention. . . . You cannot all expect to live as long as I have lived, but I hope you will all live long enough to experience the kind of happiness I have enjoyed to-day.

Investing Your Duplicate Books

THE great earthquake of September 1, and the subsequent fire, completely destroyed Meiji University, as it did so many other notable Japanese institutions. It destroyed the University's buildings, and all of its books. At the same time, of course, the best book-stores in Japan, those of Tokyo, were also destroyed, so that even a small supply of books could not be obtained.

Such funds as Meiji University has been able to secure have been used in an attempt to get some temporary buildings into shape so that the valuable work of this great school of 9,200 students might not entirely cease. No funds remain for the purchase of books. A letter to The Outlook from the Library Committee of that University asks us to let it be known that they would be most appreciative if duplicates of books and periodicals could be spared for this important purpose. Our college and university libraries, as well as many private book-owners, doubtless have duplicates of useful books that could well be spared for such a purpose. These should be sent to T. Fujimori, Chairman of the Library Committee, Meiji University, Tokyo, Japan.

Bread and the Price of Wheat

IF a housewife pays ten cents for a loaf of bread, where does the money go?

The class answers in chorus, "Mostly to the farmer who produced the wheat." But the United States Department of Agriculture has been checking up on that answer in New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, New Orleans, and San Francisco. The answer is almost equally incorrect for all of the cities.

Of the ten cents paid for a loaf of bread, on the average, six cents goes to the baker. The retailer gets one and four-one-hundredths cents. Those who haul the wheat to the mill and the flour from the mill to the baker get about nine-tenths of a cent. The miller gets slightly more than half a cent. The elevator gets not quite one-tenth of a cent. Those who produced the materials—including the wheat, the yeast, the salt, and other things—get a little less than one and a half cents. The bulk of this cent and a half goes, of course, to the wheat farmer.

If the farmer's share of the price were eliminated, a loaf that now sells for ten cents would still cost a little more than eight and a half cents. If, on the other hand, the baker's share of the price were eliminated, the price of a ten-cent loaf would be reduced to four cents. The farmer gets a small fraction of a cent more for producing and hauling the wheat to market than the grocer receives for selling the loaf to the consumer.

The first deduction from this state of facts is that the price of wheat has very little to do with the price of bread. The farmer is not receiving enough for his wheat, the experts say, and the consumer is paying too much for the bread. Lower bread prices, says the Department of Agriculture," depend upon more efficient milling, baking, and distribution methods, higher yields per barrel of flour, and larger volume of business by individual bakeries."

The loaf is likely to continue selling at ten cents.

White Cargo

ONCE in a long while there comes a play that quietly and without ostentation insists upon being seen. The critics do not shout its praises; the public does not rush to it; yet steadily it persists, and sooner or later one goes to see it. "White Cargo," by Leon Gordon, is such a play. The characters and their intense story, the white man's fierce struggle against the noxious, spirit-sapping forces of interior Africa, might have been conceived by Conrad in the days that brought forth "The End of the Tether" and "Heart of Darkness."

Sitting in the theater, wrapped in the action that is taking place, one is hardly aware of the effect it is producing on his mind. It is only later, when the details of action which made up the play begin to blur in the memory, that one realizes that the characters have grown continually more vivid. It is not on the stage, but in the mind, away from the artificial atmosphere of the theater, that they become alive; the kindly, sentimental old surgeon, an outcast from society through whisky, living for letters from England that never come; Ashley, the shattered

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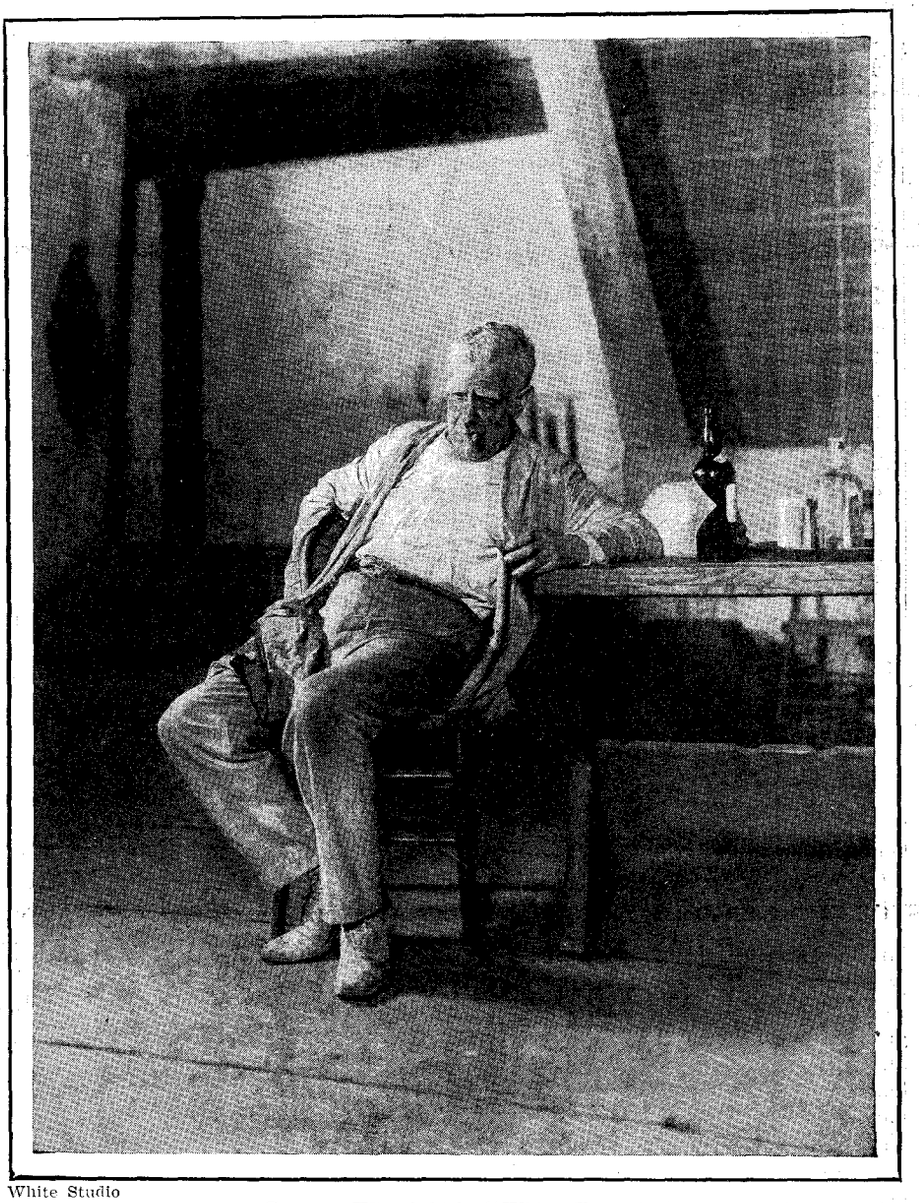
wreck of a weak man half mad with the joy of leaving Africa; the confident young man, Langford, whose unbending pride cannot ward off the insidious grip of the tropics; but, most striking of all, Witzel. His figure is burned into the minds of the audience—a man whom Africa, unable to conquer, has robbed of every attribute that makes a man loved by his fellow-men. His ceaseless determination never to succumb has sheathed him in a cynical bitterness so terrible that his victory seems hardly worth the cost. As an agent in the rubber country he has seen one after another of the cocksure young men sent out to assist him carried away on the little river steamer as "white cargo." The recurring sameness of their attitude and their opinions drives him to the verge of madness, while they in turn think him a monster. To finish out his term and return to England—that is Witzel's one thought. Still fighting on at the end of the play, he never realizes that Africa, failing to break him as it has broken the others, has yet devilishly defeated him in another way. His own defenses have become so forbidding that happiness in England and in the society for which he longs is impossible for him.

It is this thought in the minds of those who see "White Cargo" that brings back Witzel and the problem which, still unsuspected, confronts him again and again. He ceases to be a dramatist's notion or a piece of fiction and becomes a living fact. Rare indeed are plays which produce such an effect. They demand recognition.



White Studio

Conway Wingfield in "White Cargo"

The New York Herald-Tribune

On March 18 it was announced that the New York "Tribune" had purchased the "Herald," thus uniting in one organization two journals that have long enjoyed great prestige and an honorable history and influence. Until recently these two newspapers have been able separately to withstand the increasing economic pressure that has caused the downfall and absorption of many competitors.

The "Herald," founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835, was bought by Frank Munsey in 1920, who united it with the morning "Sun." Horace Greeley brought out the "Tribune" in 1841, and the two following owners, Whitelaw Reid and his son Ogden Reid, have maintained the fine standing and influence developed by Greeley. It was almost inevitable, "for economic reasons," as Mr. Munsey said, that these papers should unite, and, of the two, it was more fitting that Mr. Reid should retain an ownership so long associated with his family.

Some unacquainted with conditions may criticise such a union, not only of these two papers, but actually of five, including those previously absorbed by the "Herald" and the "Tribune." They suspect it as evidence of the machinations of a capitalistic press, and they denounce as unnecessary and improper the dispensing with so many workers of various sorts. All that have to do with the printing of publications realize, however, that the cost of production has risen to an almost intolerable height. There is no gain for this, even to labor, for high cost has meant smaller production and work for fewer men.

When society has to pay too much for anything it wants, it either does the job itself, eventually, or goes without. These two great journals have been driven together because of economic necessity. The union of the two can hardly be a gain to labor, however well labor is paid, and it is doubtful if it is a gain to society.

The Two New Cardinals

By the elevation of Monsignor Hayes, Archbishop of New York, and Monsignor Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, to the Cardinalate the Roman Catholic Church has rewarded two of her most faithful servants. She thus recognizes the contribution which America has made to her power.

The selection of these two American prelates does not affect the historic predominance of Italy in the College of Cardinals.

It is not without significance that Cardinal Hayes is of Irish extraction and Cardinal Mundelein is of German extraction, and that they come from the two greatest centers of our foreign-born population.

Neither of these two new Cardinals

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has any such relation to the country at large that Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Ireland had.

The Island

ELLIS ISLAND, where two-thirds of the immigrants first actually walk on these United States, is in an unfortunate position because of two facts. In the first place, its duties are not always pleasant ones; and, in the second place, it may be axiomatically stated that dissatisfied persons are usually the most vocally energetic. Consequently the public hears a great deal of only one side of the story—and Ellis Island suffers.

A few days ago the unusual letter printed below arrived at Commissioner Henry H. Curran's desk at Ellis Island. It is unusual because it is different, to be sure, but that is not all. The author is a Frenchwoman, seventy-three years old, a teacher, who spent twenty years in this country before going to France just before the war. When she returned here, she was detained for ten days on Ellis Island, because of her age, until her relatives arrived. Accustomed to the best, this old lady had to take pot luck with immigrants from all over the world. And to make the letter and its author even more unusual, it may be said, Madame F. M. Lalande employed those ten days, as any one who knows anything about Ellis Island will attest, in some mighty keen observation—with a dash of feminine curiosity, perhaps.

Here is Madame Lalande's letter, written from 206 East Main Street, Uniontown, Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen: After a life of travels and study, knowing five languages, it might have been supposed that I had seen everything worthy of interest, yet I had lately an excellent opportunity to study an institution unique in the world, and extremely interesting. I mean Ellis Island.

The construction is vast and imposing, though often crowded by the immense quantity of emigrants, whose absolute ignorance prevents many to appreciate that the short detention is not only imposed for the security of the United States, but for their own welfare.

The ladies and gentlemen in charge of the emigrants have inexhaustible patience and kindness. The large admission hall is (in the evening) used as a concert room (once a week) and cinema once also. Sundays a Catholic, a Protestant, and a Jewish service are held, so any creed can be followed. All this is free. Above, all round the hall, is a balcony. This has white tile walls and floors, porcelain lavatories and baths. There are two hospitals, a kindergarten, medical attendance, all free, as well as board, lodging, entertainment, etc., etc. Interrogation rooms, kitchen, trunk rooms, etc., are on the ground floor. Besides breakfast (coffee, eggs, bread, butter, jam), lunch (meat, vegetables, cheese, tea), and dinner (soup, meat, etc.), there are three distributions—morning, afternoon, and evening—of the best of sweet, fresh milk and crackers. Many days thirty of those enormous cans are needed (they contain 50 gallons, I was told). Six hundred and fifty employees are daily in attendance. Eighteen languages are interpreted. From morning till night colored men and women clean incessantly. Towels are changed daily, sheets three times a week.

I leave to a competent man the estimate of the daily expense of such an establishment, and I should thank heartily an expert to compare Ellis Island to anything of the same sort any other nation in the wide world has to offer.

This statement is not solicited, but if it can make emigrants understand and appreciate what the United States does for them, you are welcome to publish it (in any and all of the eighteen languages understood at Ellis Island).

Thanking you all for past favors, I remain, Gratefully yours,

F. M. LALANDE.

This is not the Ellis Island we hear so much about; but how much do we hear about the real Ellis Island? Who knows how many of the thousands who pass through the mill at Ellis Island each year would write similar letters if they wrote at all? After all, we may say of the silent ones that "no news is good news."

(C) Keystone

The new American Cardinals—George W. Mundelein, of Chicago (left), and Patrick J. Hayes, of New York

To Keep America a Haven

SAMUEL GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labor, is authority for the statement that many American employers, formerly hostile to restrictions upon immigration, have become convinced that they were wrong and are no longer hostile to restrictive legislation, actual or purposed. "There is less hostility from employers," he says, "to enactment of proper immigration legislation at this session of Congress than ever before."

That was to be expected, in the long run, from the good sense of American employers. Employers must inevitably conclude, finally, that a rapidly revolving labor supply at low wages is not to be preferred to a steady and dependable supply at somewhat higher wages. Then, too, a consideration other than the desire for cheap labor must enter into the final judgment of the majority of manufacturers. The American who happens to be a manufacturer is still an American. He thinks first, perhaps, in terms of his factory; but he thinks finally in terms of his country.

That the United States is a haven for the oppressed of the earth is a fine old thought, and it should be kept forever true. It is just for the maintenance of that truth that restrictions upon immi-

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gration are necessary. Manufacturers, in common with all other classes of our population—excepting always some radical groups—should be able to see that if the flood-gates were left open at a time like this immigrants would pour in until the United States would be hardly a better home for them than the lands from which they fled. America would be no longer a haven, but a part of the open sea of hard conditions alike for those already here and for those tossed in the tempests of other countries. America can be a haven only so long as it remains a sheltered harbor.

There is and will continue to be opposition enough to the existing restrictions, and to any proposed changes in the right direction. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gompers is right in his belief that substantial manufacturers are a decreasing part of that opposition.

Newton Fuessle

READERS of The Outlook during the years from 1920 to 1923 became acquainted with the name of Newton Fuessle. They must have recognized in some measure the variety of the mental gifts that were apparent to those who knew him and were associated with him; but they could not have known the charm of manner, the loyalty, the modesty, the quiet courage, the readiness for co-operation, and the extraordinary capacity for work which distinguished him as a colleague and as a man. During those years (until the middle of 1923) he was on the staff of The Outlook in a position which enabled both the management of this journal and its editors to draw upon his multiform abilities.

A graduate of the University of Chicago, he worked for several years as a newspaper man in Boise, Seattle, Chicago, Sioux City, Omaha, Cleveland, and New York City. For a few months he was on the writing staff of the National City Bank of New York. Since some time last year he was engaged in business in Boston. He wrote three novels, and for various periodicals a number of short stories, some of which have been published in book form. His chief gift as a writer was as a describer or, in the best sense, a reporter. He could make a technical subject clear and interesting to the reader not technically trained and could invest it with something of the quality of drama, or, rather, could see and make his readers see the dramatic elements resident in it.

His death at the age of forty after a painful illness, to which his body succumbed but over which his spirit triumphed, has afflicted all of his former associates in this office with a keen sense of personal loss.

Getting the Giant Harnessed

NATIONALLY important questions are arising almost daily concerning radio. Such questions are certain to accompany the growth of any great and new factor in public service, whether a utility or merely a universal amusement. And radio is something of both.

In such matters it is well to plan for the future. This means, at present, that we must consider the possible establishment of great super-power stations, of close combinations of such stations, of the "freedom of the air," which includes freedom from undesirable broadcasting—considering quantity as well as quality—and also, as is quite proper, the establishment of regulation necessary for the standardization and control of this new means of communication.

Combinations of great stations, for efficiency and economy, are a natural possibility. Sometimes even a well-regulated monopoly has its uses, as in the case of the telephone. But monopoly in the radio, regulated or not, seems unnecessary and unlikely.

Aside from the question of organization, we have also to consider the proper use of the radio, just as we have had to consider the proper use of the press. For instance, there has begun a warm discussion as to whether the radio should be used for general advertising purposes. It is illegal for newspapers to publish paid advertising as news. To be honest, the same kind of regulation should be applied to broadcasting.

Advertising "over the air" has already begun, with only the most transparent kind of disguise. No matter how excellent such a number may be, one can usually spot the advertising behind it, and, no doubt, feel that some one is taking an undue advantage of an almost helpless listener-in. We are getting too many announcements like this—

"Our next number will be the well-known selection from 'Lucia,' played by the Perkins Pickle Company's Piccolo Sextette;" or

"We will now have a famous selection from 'Faust,' offered by the Bassett Baked Bean Company's Bassoon Trio."

Possibly all general advertising may be forbidden. Readers of papers can recognize advertisements at a glance and do not have to read them, but listeners-in cannot readily identify advertising as it comes word by word from powerful broadcasting stations. It is possible that the bill now before Congress will put the whole matter on a firm and satisfactory basis, fair to the public, the broadcasting stations, and the manufacturers of radio apparatus.

Platforms of the People

RETURNS are already pouring in from the composite platform which we sent out to our readers in last week's Outlook. If these early replies are a true index, Americans want the chance to express their opinion on the issues of the day and to make known to the politicians their views as to what their parties should stand for.

On this point every reply is evidence; for no one would go to the trouble and thought of filling out this ballot—which is not a thing for an idle moment, but calls for some intelligence and care—without being convinced that the platforms should be not of the politicians but of the people. As one of our readers says in an accompanying letter:

> In making an attempt to inject real issues into the approaching Presidential campaign you are to be praised. . . . What a relief to think about these issues, after the nausea of Senatorial investigations!
>
> Please send me sixty ballots.

Impatience with Congress shows itself in these replies, as is evident by what has been written in the space for an additional plank. One reply suggests

> Reorganization of Congress to provide for more direct responsibility to the whole people (somewhat along English Parliamentary lines).

In the letter accompanying this suggestion the writer says:

> Your questionnaire is thought compelling. . . . Hasn't Congress grown too unwieldy, too far removed from direct responsibility, particularly the Senate? Is there not some more adequate method of curbing the purely political actions and decisions which have taken such a toll of time and confidence? . . .
>
> Perhaps a partial remedy may be found in reducing lawyers and lawmakers about ninety per cent, and increasing law enforcement—well, write

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your own percentage, but make it high enough.

Another, who marks his preference for the Republican party if they "clean it up, otherwise for Coolidge as Independent," writes:

A clean independent party is much needed. Confidence has gone in the Republican bosses and their political henchmen.

Others put in as proposed planks:

Less red tape and more efficiency in Congress.

Reduce size of lower house of Congress to one member per million with minimum of one per State.

A "Truth Foundation," on the order of the Supreme Court of the United States, should be established.

House-cleaning of Veterans' Bureau.

So conduct the Government that there will be more individual initiative.

A return to more individual freedom of action, unhampered by bureaus and meddlesome restrictions.

These quotations indicate the widespread discontent with Congress—both with its failure to do what it ought to do and its disposition to interfere by law with the freedom of the individual.

Other suggestions vary. Among them are the following:

The protection of coastal waters against pollution.

The maintenance of camps for military instruction.

The protection of National parks from invasion under the plea of forestation or reclamation.

Extradition treaties for narcotics.

Retirement of disabled emergency officers with the same privileges the regular officers now receive.

Uniform marriage and divorce laws.

National license for physicians properly qualified to practice in any State.

A secretary of education in the Cabinet.

Encouragement of medical research.

Greatly increased activity of Government in the study of sanitation and the prevention of disease.

A six-year term for the President.

Rejections of all attempts to limit power of the Supreme Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional.

Some of those who marked their ballots frankly say that on some subjects they are not qualified to express an opinion; and on those they do not vote. Others explain that in marking certain planks to be ignored they would record, not their indifference to the subjects, but their doubt as to whether the proposed method is the right way of treating them.

The more widely this ballot is discussed, the more useful public service it will perform. Remember that we are glad to send extra copies of the ballot upon requests from any individuals, schools, clubs, granges, or unions that may desire to co-operate in the undertaking.

Faith and the Creeds

A GREAT deal of what appears to be a discussion about religion is really a discussion, not about religion, but about theology. It is not about knowing God, it is about knowing about God. It is not about faith, but belief.

A small boy is trapped on a window ledge by the flames of a burning building. His father, seeing his danger, calls to the boy: "Jump; I'll catch you." And the small boy, knowing that his father can be depended upon, jumps from the window ledge into his father's arms. That is faith. The boy grows older, and as he reaches manhood he learns about his father's business; he learns about his father's relations with his customers, with the stockholders of his company, with the directors, with the concerns that provide his company with the goods that he sells. And as he comes home from college, the young man goes to his father and says to him: "Father, I know that you are expecting me to start in your business and work my way up; but I have a chance to continue my studies and enter a profession. I think I shall have to choose now between that profession and your business. Tell me what you think of my capacity and advise me as to my choice." And the young man makes his decision, determining his whole future career, in accordance with his father's judgment. And that too is faith.

Knowledge about his father and his father's business was not necessary for the faith of the small boy. There was a great deal about his father that the boy did not understand. He imagined that his father did many things in the course of his work that his father never dreamed of doing. As he grew older, he found that his faith in his father grew bigger and broader as he knew more about his father. At first his faith concerned only the simple things, like jumping into his father's arms; but as he grew older he found that his faith concerned such matters as choosing a career.

Faith in God is religion. Knowledge about God is theology. During all the ages men have been learning more and more about God. Once they thought of him as simply the Protector and Ruler of a tribe. To-day they think of him as the Spirit resident in the universe—in the electron inconceivably small and in the most distant of inconceivably distant solar systems—as the personality of a man is resident in his whole body. But the faith of those who believed in that tribal God has not essentially changed in the process of becoming the faith of the profoundest scientist.

It is right that there should be symbols of this continued faith. Creeds which assumed to define knowledge about God as a test of faith in God have been gradually laid aside as men's growing knowledge about God has made them aware of their ignorance about him; but creeds which are confessions of faith, though framed in terms that belong to an earlier day, are not likely to be discarded. If they are recognized, not as definitions of knowledge about God, but as expressions of faith in him, these symbols belong as truly to the people of the twentieth century as they did to any epoch of the past. It is a pity when a boy becomes ashamed of his earlier expressions of faith in his father, even though they are not in terms that he would use in young manhood. It would also be a pity if the churches of to-day should become so sophisticated as to look with pity or reproach upon the expressions of faith of those earlier Christians who were ready to give their bodies to be burned because they believed in their Master.

It is well that the ancient creeds used the language of an earlier day. Those who cherish them and employ them to-day as expressions of their faith need not think in the terms of those creeds. Indeed, they ought to have a wider view of the world and of God than those earlier creeds could compass. But the very language should be a reminder that the faith of the past is the faith of to-day.

That is why the Apostles' Creed, which is the oldest of the creeds in common use to-day (for it is substantially the same as the Old Roman Symbol which was in existence in the third century), is probably the most highly cherished of all the creeds of the Church. The cowboy whose letter appears on another page has become confused, as many others have become confused, as to the history of that Creed. It was originally called the Apostles' Creed because of a legend as to the way it was produced; but it retains its name because it is Apostolic in feeling. The various

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councils to which our cowboy correspondent refers had nothing to do with the Apostles' Creed and left no mark upon it. They have left their marks upon other creeds of the Church, but not those commonly used in worship. We of to-day are not as interested in the philosophical subtleties that interested the Church of certain earlier ages. Perhaps we do not think as deeply about theology; but if any of us in these days are going to discuss theology instead of religion we ought to know something about it. If we are going to find fault with the creeds, we ought at least to know what those who made them meant by them.

If a creed is not helpful to the faith of any man, it has lost its chief value for him. If it enables him to see in his own faith a continuance of the faith that has survived through the ages, it belongs to him even if its language is that of another day. He has a right to use it which no one can deprive him of.

With this comment, we commend to our readers Bishop Parsons's article.

Raymond Poincaré

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

I HAD always heard that M. Poincaré was a cold man—some said, a wooden man. When I had seen him in public, he never impressed me with any contagious warmth of manner, especially alongside the more exuberant President Millerand. But my personal reception the other day accorded harmoniously with the warmth of the red-damask walls and curtains and the rare tapestries at the French Foreign Office. For Raymond Poincaré is not only Premier, he is also Foreign Minister.

M. Poincaré meets you at the door of his *sanctum sanctorum*. A short, thick-set man, he gives you a warm hand-grasp as he pronounces your name without Gallic accent. He has a large mouth and smiles a benevolent, expansive smile. His face is not pallid and parchment-like, as you had been told it was, but has color. Above all, his conversational voice is not "*une voix de métal*," as Frenchmen say it is, but a gentle, winning voice with warm tones in it.

Many a man appears at his worst on the public platform. Certainly I would never suppose that the unmagnetic figure, the sometimes harsh, rasping voice, the hammer-like gestures of the orator Poincaré, speaking in Parliament, were typical of the Poincaré before me. For this man *was* magnetic. When he says, "I am very pleased to express myself through you as intermediary," one has a really pleasant sensation. And when he adds, "I am glad you are a friend of France," you are stirred. Then he nods vigorously at some observation of yours with a "*C'est juste*," which seems almost more emphatic than our "That's right."

I was prepared for the usual three-minute audience, for the usual compliment to America. But the Premier gave me twenty minutes, talking with much simplicity, directness, and entire absence of stock phrases. I found myself talking back at him, telling him a lot of things about America and England and Germany that never entered my head in the little plan sketched in advance of presumable questions and answers.

Wide World Photos

Premier Poincaré

Raymond Poincaré is a Lorrainer, and a typical one. Were you to meet him on the streets of Amsterdam you would think him a Dutchman, and I have seen Americans and English and Swiss, and even Italians, who look like him. You would hardly take him for a Frenchman. In truth, Lorraine is so situated that its people seem a bit more Teutonic in appearance and manner than do other French men and women. They have, indeed, a certain reticence, well-nigh a shyness, greater than one finds either to the east in Germany and Luxemburg or to the west in France proper.

For very many years M. Poincaré's home has been at Sampigny, a little village on the Meuse. That stream saw much of war. So did the Poincarés from their view-point. The other day I was there. Instead of the splendid trees and shrubs of aforetime, I now beheld mutilations—stark trunks cut half off; others, taller, with bare, dead branches still standing, like gaunt, naked arms raised in protest to the sky; much soil still mined and useless; many new red-tiled roofs here and there amid the valley fields or marking the scattered villages; yet these roofs only accentuated the ghostly houses still remaining roofless and in ruins.

Never for an instant does Raymond Poincaré lose sight of the fact that, of all the war combatants, France was the most invaded, that France lost more in dead and mutilated than any of the Allies, that France alone has suffered more than half of all the war damage. She has indeed the right to the fifty-two per cent of reparations agreed upon by the Allies. Yet from the signing of peace Germany has steadily sought by hook and by crook to break her signed promises and to defraud the Allies. During this period the German industrialists were shamelessly piling up great fortunes. The oligarchy of these magnates is the real German Government.

Constrained by the imperious necessity of restoring her devastated regions, and, while waiting for reparations due, having borrowed for this purpose more than she can pay in interest and amortization, the Poincaré Government was forced to seek something as guaranty for those reparations.

This guaranty, the Prime Minister

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proposed long since, should be the occasion of the Ruhr Valley, that great German industrial fortress. He did not wish, he said, to humiliate Germany; certainly not to dominate Europe. But he did propose that France be paid.

Fourteen months ago the French, with Belgium's welcome assistance, entered the Ruhr. They found a generally passive resistance. But now the occupying authorities have actually made agreements with the German industrialists and transport workmen by which a regular supply is coming from beyond the Rhine to the credit of the reparations account. As the French and Belgian conditions are being met, the foreign troops are being withdrawn. What is more, the whole German psychology has changed.

At home M. Poincaré has had to face difficulties more dangerous to him. The chief outward sign to us is the fall of the franc—a bagatelle compared to what has happened in Germany, Poland, or Austria, but still keenly humiliating to a proud people. The other day the German press intimated that, as France and Germany were now going to lie together on the same bed of misery, France would have to abate her demands. But the Germans reckon without their host. The Premier told me that France would remain firm as to the sums to be paid in reparation, while showing herself conciliatory as regards methods of payment.

The fall of the franc aroused M. Poincaré to propose a drastic remedy. Its main feature was a one-fifth increase in taxation. Despite powerful and relentless opposition, the Prime Minister has now forced his bill through the Chamber of Deputies, and meanwhile in the Senate has obtained an even more notable victory on the question of the manner of holding elections.

While many regret that M. Poincaré could not see his way clear to an acceptance of the American and English idea of a general conference to consider the whole economic situation as regards Germany, including her ultimate capacity to pay reparations, let us be glad that he proposed meetings of international experts, now in progress, to consider the immediate financial problems.

In any consideration of M. Poincaré's work one thinks of matter rather than of manner. Yet few French writers have greater felicity of phrase. His discourses are as commendable for style as they are for their political significance.

Paris, March 4, 1924.

A Mummy in Modern Politics

Special Correspondence from London

By ARTHUR S. DRAPER

Who would have thought that an ancient Egyptian king would become a controversial, political subject and a bone of contention in the modern game of publicity, publicity, who gets the publicity?

"A RISING spirit of nationalism, a bit of professional jealousy, and a fair amount of tactlessness combined to create the unfortunate situation in Luxor." That is the view of an Englishman whose knowledge of Egypt and the developments following the raising of the stone covering the sarcophagus of King Tutankhamen entitles him to express an authoritative opinion.

After thirty-four years of archæological work, Mr. Howard Carter was halted at the very climax of his great triumph in the Valley of the Kings by a Government which considered that he was playing too many favorites and commercializing a scientific investigation. No circus ever received so much publicity and few living monarchs in normal times have figured so prominently in the world press as has the dead Pharaoh since Lord Carnarvon's party discovered the tomb. In a period when the political events of the day have been of the utmost importance the steps in the unearthing of the Egyptian King have been chronicled in such detail as to rival the news of the fall of governments and the collapse of exchanges. From the human interest point of view the story of the work done by Mr. Carter has been one of the most fascinating features of newspapers for nearly two years.

Opinions are bound to differ in placing responsibility for the break, though it is a fact that even among his own countrymen Mr. Carter is criticised sharply. That the Egyptians became increasingly dissatisfied with the situation as the work advanced into its final stages and the experts were on the eve of removing the mummy of Pharaoh is beyond doubt.

Almost as soon as word came out of Egypt that a rich treasure had been discovered in the Valley of the Kings newspapers became interested professionally, and the British Government was pressed to give facilities to journalists assigned to Luxor. That pressure increased as the importance of the discovery was realized and it was learned that Lord Carnarvon had made a contract to give the news to one newspaper with the right of selling the rights of publication in all parts of the world. The London Government was powerless to act. Then the pressure was transferred to the Egyptian Government.

Work was resumed last autumn. The death of Lord Carnarvon had altered the situation materially. The Antiquities Service of the Egyptian Government, under M. Pierre Lacau, the Director-General, requested the Government to authorize Lady Carnarvon to complete the work in the tomb. The new contract ran until November 1, 1924. Mr. Carter was intrusted with the supervision of the undertaking.

The arrangement which Lord Carnarvon made with the London "Times" was continued by Mr. Carter. Though the "Times" has insisted that it was not a "newspaper monopoly," that was not the view of many rival organizations. The news and photographs were sold to any newspaper willing to pay the price. The Egyptian native press was loud in its protest against the arrangement, though they received service free of charge. Zaghlul Pasha's Government was appealed to by newspaper representatives from all parts of the world, including Great Britain. Indicative of the attitude of the MacDonald Government was the Prime Minister's statement in reply to a Parliamentary suggestion that Britain and America make a joint protest against the treatment of the English and American archæologists. He said that he saw no reason why his Government should join him in such a protest.

Since Zaghlul Pasha's return to Egypt nationalism has developed with amazing rapidity. Though the Egyptian Premier has been at pains to deny that any political questions were involved in the dis-

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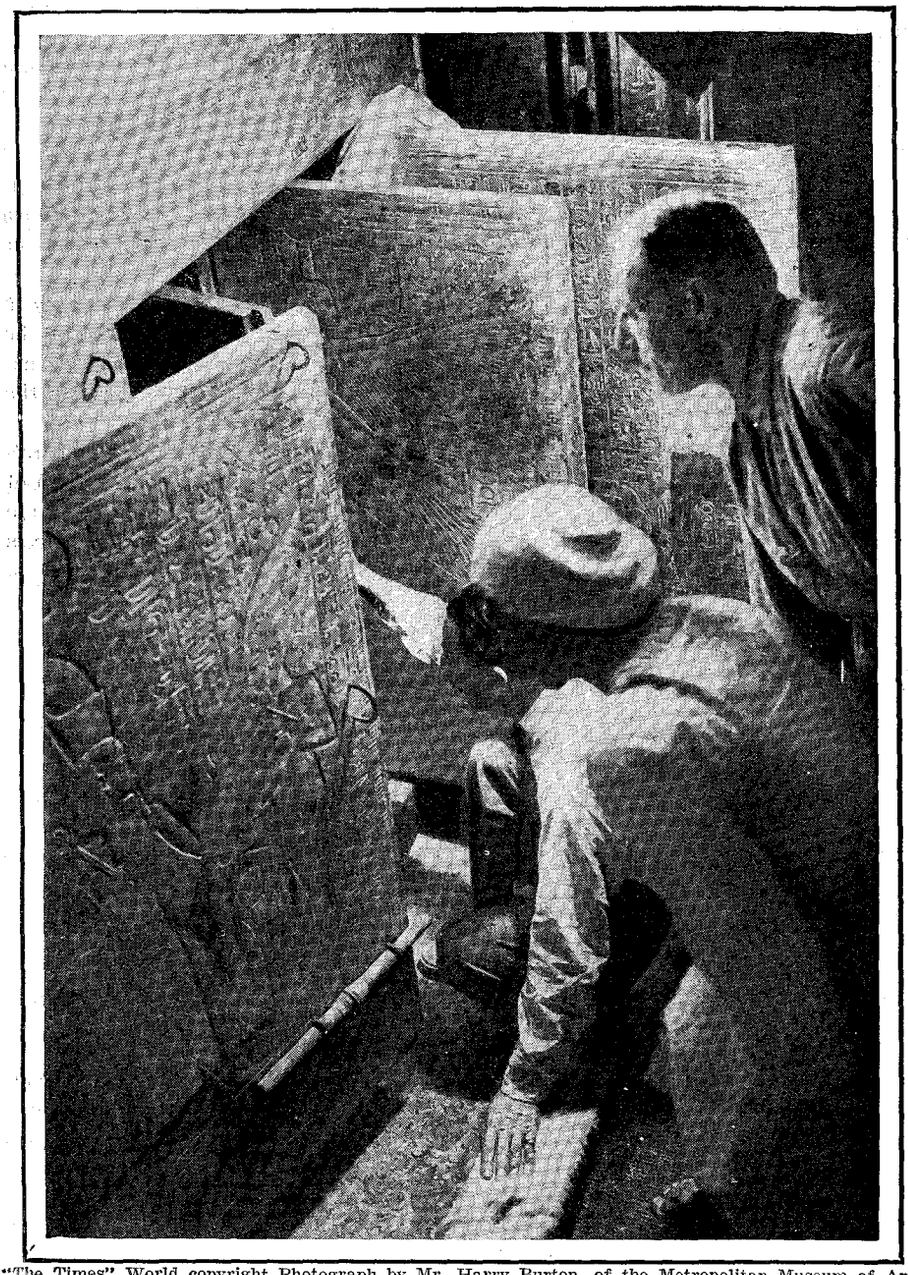

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The opening of the doors of the fourth shrine at the Luxor tomb. Mr. Carter is kneeling and Mr. Callender standing. The fact that upon the doors of this fourth shrine were depicted figures of protective goddesses, with outstretched wings, was evidence that the heart of the nest of shrines had been reached

pute, that is not the view held in England. In all fairness, however, it should be said that the spirit of nationalism was not the chief reason for the break.

Mr. Carter has given a lifetime to archæological work, but he is still a comparatively young man. He was an official for years in the Antiquities Service, and many of his old associates are still working under M. Lacau, a Frenchman. In addition to the large financial returns which have come to Mr. Carter through the "Times" service he has received more fame than all the rest of the Egyptologists put together. Unquestionably he deserved all he received, but it would be against human nature if his luck did not arouse jealous feelings among the experts. Everything might have passed off smoothly had more tactfulness been shown. In the communiqué issued by the Egyptian Minister of Public Works appeared this significant paragraph:

"Various incidents arose between Mr. Carter and the Antiquities Service last year during the lifetime of the late Lord Carnarvon, but were all smoothed over, thanks to the good sense and courtesy of the regretted late Lord Carnarvon."

The significance lies in what is left unsaid. The break came when Mr. Carter invited certain ladies to be present at the opening of the sarcophagus. The Ministry of Public Works contended that this was in violation of an agreement Mr. Carter had made to suspend all visits for a period. Mr. Carter posted a notice in a Luxor hotel which left the Egyptian Government no alternative but to assert its authority in a dictatorial manner. Declaring that the contract which had been made with Lady Carnarvon had been violated, the Ministry took charge of the tomb and Mr. Carter took his case into the Egyptian courts. The padlocks which Mr. Carter had put on the tomb were broken by the representatives of the Government, and the stone, which he had left suspended by ropes, was lowered to the sarcophagus to prevent injury to it. His supporters have contended that the Egyptian Government has no official competent to undertake the work which Mr. Carter abandoned. Whether that is an exaggeration remains to be seen, but it is perfectly clear that Zaghlul Pasha, having gone thus far, has no intention of abandoning his position. Future archæological work in Egypt must be carried out with careful regard for the susceptibilities and dignity of the Egyptians. Though nationalism is not the prime cause of the dispute, it has been fanned into a high flame since the actual break came.

Undoubtedly the Egyptians enjoy the sympathy of most Britons and Frenchmen. The press of both countries has had little to say in support of the position which Mr. Carter saw fit to take. When Lord Carnarvon made the arrangement with the "Times," he knew that the work would be facilitated if he had to deal with only one publicity organization, but he did not reckon with the spirit of competition among the newspapers of the world.

Under the Egyptian law if a tomb is discovered and it is found that it has not been previously molested, the Government claims all the treasures it contains. On the other hand, if it has been entered since the original seals were placed its contents are shared equally by the finder and the Egyptian Government, the finder enjoying the right to select whichever half he desires. King Tutankhamen's tomb was entered centuries before the birth of Christ, and, though it was sealed again by the priests of one of the old dynasties, the Carnarvon estate has the right to share equally with the Egyptian Government.

What effect this unhappy incident will have on Anglo-Egyptian relations no one can foresee, but the British Government is maintaining a position of strict neutrality. Egypt is advancing rapidly. Two years ago Lord Milner made an exhaustive report on the situation there, recommending radical changes in the relations between the two countries. The advance since that date has been almost startling. Now a British Labor Government must tackle a real problem. The Mohammedan world is in an extremely restless mood.

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Wash Day—British and American Style

By HILAIRE BELLOC

ALL representative assemblies if they are not aristocratic are corrupt. That may be postulated as a general truth in political science. It is an inevitable consequence following upon the very nature of the institution. Give power of the purse to a number of random individuals inspired by no special class code of honor and checked by no special necessities of class presentation, nor moved to observe some special dignity through the worship directed towards them by their fellow-citizens, and they will as a matter of course pick the public pocket. They will naturally and always prefer their private interests to those of the state, save in such great crises as call forth fear and shame even in politicians. A representative of the common sort chosen from a crowd mechanically, the professional politician as the type is most accurately and justly called to-day in England, will, in normal times, fill his pockets at the public expense, and, indeed, does so in all countries with regularity and precision. "After all" (says he to himself), "the community is so rich! And I must live . . . and it does no very great harm . . . and everybody else does it all around me" The corruption is usually petty, but on the part of specially skillful, cunning, and unscrupulous politicians is sometimes enormous. But, on a large scale or a small, corruption is as universally attached to our non-aristocratic European parliaments as fleas are to dogs. We expect it; and our expectation is not disappointed.

Where Every Day is Wash Day

BUT observe how very differently this disease is treated in the United States and in Europe! In Europe we deal with it by occasional upheavals. We deal with it more or less drastically in different countries. In some it is allowed to go to great lengths and to run for years. The exposure and even punishment of what are called "parliamentary scandals" never take place at shorter intervals than, say, five or ten years, and the action is always sporadic and jerky and unnatural.[1] It is a sort of check or protest. Now and then it culminates in something revolutionary, as recently in Italy, when men will stand no more of it, and sweep it away by the appointment of a dictator or by a radical reform in the personnel and means of choice of the assembly.

A contrast in the treatment of political corruption

But in the United States the public watch over politicians is permanent. It is not an exaggeration to say that every day, even if you are traveling over a comparatively limited area, your newspaper deals with one or another example of corruption in an elected person, exposes it and denounces it.

That this is a healthy sign all will admit, except, perhaps, people of that intellectual level which regards the recognition of evil as worse than evil itself. To say that this ceaseless play of exposure is a mark of greater corruption in America than is to be found in the Old World is nonsense. No one with a knowledge of the House of Commons or the French Chamber of Deputies, or of their now happily suppressed Italian brethren, would dream of saying that American public life was more corrupt than European. The difference lies not in the presence of the disease, which is universal, but in the method of treating it; and here the difference is astonishing. Corruption with us in Europe is essentially private. It is like the actions of a man in his own room. That privacy is subject to occasional interruption: the Deputy or Member of Parliament is sometimes exposed in the midst of his thieving; but the interference is always met by indignant remonstrance, and his colleagues exclaim in chorus against the bad taste of those who would thus inspect the sacred domesticity of Parliament. Corresponding action in the United States is not private. The politician who peculates does so under a grave and *constant* risk, a risk which he always feels and for which he has to be prepared. That is because the corporate will is always awake and because the man who exposes corruption is, in America, heartily applauded and supported by his fellow-citizens.

I have been told by many Americans (and naturally by all my acquaintances engaged in European professional politics) that this ceaseless exposure and purging of an evil has two great evils attached to it which outweigh its good. Indeed, our politicians in Europe not only take it for granted that the evils outweigh the good, but do not admit any advantage at all in the practice of examining and exposing knavery in public life.

These evils are (1) the certitude that in the general process innocent men will be suspected and (2) the production, by such perpetual exposure, of a sort of atmosphere or consciousness of political weakness. If the mass of people (it is said) get to believe that their representatives are corrupt the security of the state is weakened.

I admit the evils, but I do not for a moment admit that they outweigh the good. If an innocent man is accused he must take the rough with the smooth. He has deliberately entered professional politics. He knows his trade to be tainted, he must run the risk. A man does not go in for professional politics without some idea of advantage to himself. He desires to be talked about or to have power, even if he does not desire to purloin public money. He cannot see what goes on around him as a member of these little political oligarchies without either denouncing their corruption or winking at it. If he denounces it he cannot long remain a member of the assembly he thus betrays. If he winks at it he is a partner in the guilt of his fellows.

Accessories through Silence

I NOTICED when I sat in the House of Commons that the more honest members were especially indignant at any imputation against *their* honor; and whenever one of our regularly recurrent public scandals broke out their friends were eager to profess that *these* men, at any rate, were exceptions to the general rule. But the reason of this excitability and of those eager protests was that they had sat among, and tolerated in others, the things of which they were unjustly accused. I say that men who associate with and tolerate the corruption of their fellows are in an absurd position when they protest their private innocence of a public evil which they have shamefully condoned. They must have known its effect upon the state. It was their duty as patriots to prevent it and to punish it.

Further, I do not admit that perpetual exposure of representative corruption, though it does create a general consciousness of weakness in the state, causes thereby an evil greater than the good which it does. The recognition of evil is healthy. Representative assem-

[1] We had an excellent example the other day in England. The politicians had for some years sold peerages to men more and more grotesque. After each new sale there was a clamor of impotent protest, and the thing went on. At last a South African millionaire of the most startling type broke the camel's back. The House of Lords itself began to tell truths openly, and the purchasing millionaire fled, as did the venders of the title.

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blies are and most always will be corrupt. To say that and yet to support their continuance is tantamount to saying, "I think this institution necessary. But I see that it carries with it an attendant evil. I will not shut my eyes to that evil, I will regard it as permanently present, I will restrain it as best I may." That, as it seems to me, is the right attitude to take towards all necessary evils in this world, and therefore I conclude that the attitude taken by Americans towards their assemblies is sound. The Americans expect representative bodies (in large communities) to be corrupt—nor are they disappointed in their expectation. But they do not think that representative assemblies can be, or should be, eliminated on that account. They think such assemblies should be constantly watched and their vices continually corrected by exposure; and in this process the American people exercise a *constant*, a *permanent*, control over their servants, whereas in Europe such control is at the best spasmodic and capricious.

Yes—But What Are the Facts?

What Did Fall Sell?

Special Correspondence from Washington

By STANLEY FROST

OUR politicians have made a needlessly confused problem of the oil scandals. This is doubtless good politics for them, but is distressing to those who wish to get at the simple rights of the case and to reach fair judgments on justice and policy. There have been thrown into the discussion so many inferences and innuendoes, implied crimes which, put into words, are not crimes at all, so many unfair, half-true, and actually false accusations, that it is a real effort to get back to the facts and the evidence.

Yet the question is a simple one. It is whether in them the Government, and particularly the Navy, made a bargain which was as good as possible. This assumes that the decision to open the reserves at all, which was discussed last week, was properly answered in the affirmative.

Reflected Suspicion

THE suspicion that Secretary Fall was bribed very naturally throws suspicion on the leases he granted, yet it is in the leases themselves that we must look to find what it was that he sold. If he was bribed by either Doheny or Sinclair, it must have been to some purpose; unless it can be found that the bargain he made was unfair to the Government, the motive for bribery becomes doubtful. Incidentally, an increasing number of men here say privately that they do not believe there was bribery, though they denounce Fall as both knave and fool to have private dealings with men with whom he was also dealing officially. The courts will presently decide the question; but certainly there is every reason for careful and open-minded scrutiny of the leases themselves.

Several matters of policy affect the wisdom of the oil leases as a whole, though they have no bearing on the question whether they were good bargains, for a deal which is illegal or contrary to custom might still be good business. Since these questions have added greatly to the confusion, they are worth a few words.

First is the question of legality; whether Denby had the right to transfer the reserves to Fall. The courts will settle that, but in the meantime it must be remembered that some excellent lawyers declare that the law does authorize this transfer, and that the point is immaterial, anyhow, since the leases were signed by the Secretary of the Interior as well as the Secretary of the Navy. Moreover, Senators have admitted with fewer blushes than seem called for that they did not know what they were doing when they passed that law.

Second is the invasion of the rights of Congress, since through the leases the Navy secured tankage, and thus got the effect of spending money without specific appropriation. This seems a valid charge. It is true that Mr. Britten, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, says that it was understood that the Navy was to have the spending of its royalties. But other legislators are probably right in saying that they intended no such thing. Congress is much too jealous of its power over the departments to give any of them a right to move without permission, if it knows it.

Third is the question whether, in leasing the reserves, Denby and Fall abandoned the policy, established for fifteen years, that the oil should be kept in the ground against the time when it would be expensive and scarce and the efficiency of the Navy might depend on it. To abandon such a policy is a serious thing.

Let us look at the history of the reserves.

The first two were established under President Taft, on the recommendation of Dr. George Otis Smith, Director of the Geological Survey, and supported by Secretary Ballinger, now famous as the enemy of Conservation. They were turned over to the navy under his successor, Secretary Fisher. Nearly two years later the Teapot Dome was made a Naval Reserve under Secretary Lane.

Leeches and Leaks

ALL the reserves were leaky. Private holdings of land lay like leeches in and around each of them. The owners had full right to drill, and often did, getting much Government oil and injuring the reserves even farther by draining off the gas which was necessary for the recovery of what oil they left. These private holdings had various origins. Some came from old land grants, some from purchase of public lands, some from squatter claims of one kind and another, some as a result of the 1920 Leasing Act, for which Congress is responsible. It is likely that in the early days of the reserves—this was in President Wilson's Administration, for the withdrawals were made just a few months before he took office—the private claims could have been bought out, or traded for other Government lands. This was not done, the Attorney-General believing that he could recover the titles by law. He succeeded in some cases, but failed in so many that the reserves were at all times full of holes.

Because of these leaks, it very soon became clear that No. 2 Reserve, at Buena Vista, California, could not be held. If the Government was to get anything from it, its own lands must be drilled at once. Nearly two-thirds of the area was in private hands, and by 1917 more than three hundred wells were draining it. Even then the private lands in Elk Hills might have been traded for lands in Buena Vista. Accordingly, Secretary Daniels, with the full backing

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of the public-spirited Secretary Lane, asked Congress in 1920 for authority to drill or lease. The only possible criticism of this action seems to have been that it had been delayed till millions of barrels had been lost. Under the power Congress gave him, Mr. Daniels then made leases in Reserve No. 2, and called for bids for offset wells in No. 1. In the negotiations he was joined by Secretary Payne, of the Interior, and some leases were made without public bidding. Every oil man to whom I have talked indorses all these steps.

But this makes it clear that when Fall and Denby took office the policy of keeping oil in the ground had been abandoned as to cases where oil was being drained or made useless by gas drainage, and the policy of action by the Secretary of the Interior in Naval oil leases and without public bidding had been established.

It was evident, also, that these steps were not enough. The drainage of oil and gas was still going on; the offset wells saved the Government oil, but at the same time extended the drainage constantly farther into the reserves, and most experts agreed that the time had passed when Reserve No. 2 or much of No. 1 could be held. Less conclusive evidences indicated that the Teapot Dome was also in danger. It is hard to see what policy could have been pursued with benefit to the country except to get the oil out on the best available terms. Of course there were private interests which would have benefited if the oil had been kept there for them to leech out.

The problem before Denby and, later, Fall was therefore to get the best leases they could. There are several general considerations which influenced their actions, and which should be understood before the actual terms they made are taken up.

One was the need of quick work if the Government was to get its share of the oil. This need was great; in one section alone it was found that twenty-five outside wells had removed some 22,000,000 barrels, causing the Government an estimated loss in royalties of at least a million barrels, merely through delay in getting its offset wells down. This need for speed is the justification for getting private bids, instead of incurring the long delay caused by advertising for public bids. It also is the excuse for not using months to get further authority from Congress, so long as there were laws which might be stretched to give the power needed. A further reason for private bids, of course, is that they permitted dickering over details, and, if the Government agents were honest, would result in better bargains.

Another consideration was the desire of the Navy to get something for itself out of the reserves, instead of having all proceeds go back into the Treasury, as had happened with $5,500,000 from Reserve No. 2. The Navy was literally fighting for its life to get enough fuel from Congress, and it had got no tankage worth mentioning. It saw an opportunity to get both.

A third influence was the fact that there will be a far larger recovery of oil from any field if it can be handled by one concern than if it is split up. The difference in such a field as Elk Hills runs into the millions. This is because if the oil pool is opened haphazard there is sure to be a serious escape of gas, so that recovery of oil stops long before the pool is exhausted. A striking illustration occurred in the Salt Creek field, next to Teapot Dome, where the Mid-West Company enforced scientific drilling. Although in most fields, under catch-as-catch-can development, the peak of production is reached within two or three years and the decline from then on is rapid, the Salt Creek peak was reached only after twelve years, and the decline is very slow.

Wide World Photos

Owen J. Roberts and ex-Senator Atlee Pomerene, special attorneys appointed by President Coolidge, are charged with the question of determining the legality of the oil leases; but they have nothing to do with the question whether it was good policy for the Government to lease the Naval Oil Reserves or not. The legal question will be settled by the courts; but it is the question of policy which the people ought to understand and which this article deals with

Politicians versus Experts

THIS was the basis of the decision to give blanket leases, instead of auctioning off small parcels. There have been loud complaints of this from politicians whose constituents might have made money through the Government's loss, but I have not found an expert who does not believe it saved millions.

Two things need to be understood about oil-leasing practice. The landholder's interest is much less than the whole quantity of oil; long experience in the oil industry has fixed this at one-eighth royalty, though it will run higher where there is known to be oil. The operator gets the rest of the product to cover expenses and his speculative chances. But in most leases the lessee pays, in addition, a bonus for the right to drill. The Government got some $1,600,000 bonus from its Salt Creek lands, for example. One of the chief criticisms of the big leases is that no bonus was paid.

In the leases, however, a good deal more than actual bonus and royalties is involved. There were special considerations on both sides. And the special consideration in the Doheny lease, on the side of the Navy, was vital.

It was the danger of war. At the time the lease was made almost all official Washington and most of the diplomatic world believed that war with Japan might be a matter of months, or even weeks. The Navy was poorly prepared, especially in regard to fuel oil. Yet Congress had made no allowances, and if the Navy had gone to it with a frank statement it might easily have precipitated the conflict. Its one hope of preparedness was through some bargain over the reserves. It was one of those cases where, to meet an expected crisis, action is often taken which will be open to attack if the crisis does not come. The

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leases might have won us a war—but there was no war. Now, of course, whoever pleases may say that there was no danger of war.

There was a special consideration also on Doheny's side. He had a son, and an affection for him. Most of Doheny's interests are in Mexico and New York, and he wanted to build up a business big enough to justify his son's staying at home in California to run it. So he, alone of all the men powerful enough to handle so big a deal, had personal reasons for offering good terms.

He also had a legal right to be the first man to whom the lease was offered. In April, 1922, he had taken a contract, under competition, to handle the royalty oil from all leases which existed or might be given in Elk Hills. He was to give in exchange for the royalty oil a total of 1,500,000 barrels of fuel oil, stored in tanks to be built by himself without profit. He even agreed to build at a fixed maximum price, and to give the Government any savings, a sort of "cost-minus" contract under which the Government did eventually save $480,000. He also agreed to build the tanks immediately, taking his pay whenever the royalty oils were brought in, and charging no interest. His benefits were a small chance of profit, keeping ships and men busy in a slack time, and an agreement that during the life of his contract he could have any lease the Government made in the eastern half of Elk Hills, *if he accepted the terms the Government itself drew*. Otherwise, the Government could advertise for bids. He had taken a small lease for offset wells under this contract.

He went ahead and put in the tanks, which gave security on the Pacific. The cost to Doheny was about $5,000,000, to be repaid by the Government in oil. Then the big California fields came in, and the price of oil dropped. The Government royalty oils were not worth enough to repay him, and he came to the Government with a scheme to force up the price.

His scheme was to put in refineries, tanks, etc., and get the flood off the market. The cost would be about $20,000,000 to $25,000,000, but to protect himself against loss when the flood subsided he had to have more oil than was in sight. The only big field was Elk Hills; he wanted it, not for immediate drilling, but for the future, whenever it was decided to release the oil. The Navy approved the scheme, which would have benefited almost everybody; besides, it wanted more tankage. Secretary Fall refused to advise in the matter, but took over the negotiations at the Navy's request.

What the Navy Got

In the lease the Navy got the following:

1. Conditions under which the whole reserve was protected against the private leeches, and all oil that could be held in the ground was safeguarded. That is, Doheny was given the right to drill freely only in the eastern part of the reserve, where there is little except offset land which is likely to be tapped at any time. In the western area, where there is still a chance to hold oil in the ground, he was required to drill when told, but could not drill without permission.

2. Additional storage for 2,700,000 barrels, located at points the Navy chose. The building and filling was to begin at once, involving an immediate cost of $15,000,000, but was not to be paid for until royalty oil accrued. Thus Doheny gave the Government a $15,000,000 credit instead of a cash bonus. This work has practically all been done. He also agreed to build more storage if the royalties warranted it. This expense, of course, is in addition to the millions of development cost he assumed.

3. Free pipe line to the coast for all Navy Reserve oil.

4. A million barrels' storage to be prepared at San Pedro, and to be filled when the royalty oil permitted. No charge was to be made for bunkering, refining, or handling.

5. Doheny agreed to keep 3,000,000 barrels of fuel oil for fifteen years at the disposal of the Navy, without cost to itself, at specified points on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. The Navy had the right to take over any part of this at any time, hold it for six months, and then either turn it back at a charge of one cent a barrel or buy it at the market price. Thus at any time when war seemed likely the Navy was assured of a supply without delay, and also without complicating a delicate situation through trying to buy after the storm was threatened.

6. Doheny agreed to sell the Navy any petroleum products for ten per cent less than market price.

7. Royalties were arranged on a sliding scale of 12½ to 35 per cent. This was not fixed by competitive bidding, but was the same as that made in the last (and highest) previous bids in the same field. Because it covers so large a field, in which there are sure to be irregularities, oil men consider the price high. The actual royalties so far have been about 32 per cent.

(C) Underwood

Harry Sinclair. "His bid was the best." He got the lease for Teapot Dome, which is the most famous but not the most important of the Naval Oil Reserves

Doheny to date has invested about $25,000,000, and this will be doubled if the lease is carried out in full. The Navy has got its oil and storage at strategic points at cost and without interest charges. It has got high royalties, which have gone partly for oil and partly to pay for storage. It has complete protection for the field, and has kept control of all the field where it may be possible to hold oil in the ground.

Doheny got the chance to make $100,000,000. This is about his largest possible profit over the thirty years it would take to clean out the reserve. He will make thus an average yearly profit of some $3,000,000 at the cost of an investment totaling before the end about $120,000,000 and through the skill of a powerful organization. He took some chances that there would be less oil than estimated, and other chances on an immediate loss in the building of tanks, but has not actually lost on either. Of course the Navy will continue to get its share of all oil he recovers, and the high royalties assure that this share will be above the average.

The lease of Teapot Dome to Sinclair was based on very different considerations. There was no particular drive from the Navy for a quick supply, but two other factors, outside strictly business reasons and the need of protecting the reserve, made the leasing seem desirable.

One was that there were a good many private claims to parts of the reserve, and that if many were sustained the reserve would have been ruined; they could be fought better through a strong lessee. The other was that the Government was getting a small price for its millions of barrels of royalty oil in Salt Creek, and the Teapot lease gave a

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chance to raise it. This meant millions a year.

Though there was no advertising for bids, several companies were asked to compete. Sinclair's bid was the best. He had good reasons for making his price high, for he also wanted to raise the price of Salt Creek oil. This was because he was competing in selling in the Middle West with the Mid-West Company, which owns most of Salt Creek. His oil came from the mid-continent field, and cost 65 cents a barrel more than theirs. If he could force the price up for them, it would improve his selling position. Also, he needed more oil of the Salt Creek grade.

The main feature of his bid was an offer to put in a pipe line that would get the oil into the mid-continent field as soon as the lease produced 20,000 barrels a day. Instead of a cash bonus he offered to take over the Navy's royalty oil at the mid-continent price—from 41 to 65 cents a barrel above Wyoming prices. On the assumption which was then made, that there were 135,000,000 barrels in the Teapot, this would have paid the Navy $10,000,000 to $16,000,000 bonus for an actual acreage about the same as that which has paid $1,600,000 in Salt Creek, under competitive bidding. Even in spite of the disappointment about the Teapot holdings, it will still pay more than the Salt Creek total bonus.

Sinclair also agreed to put 1,000,000 barrels of oil in storage at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on about the same terms as Doheny gave for the Hawaiian tanks.

On royalties Sinclair gave a sliding scale running up to 50 per cent, double what the Government got in the public lands at the edge of the Teapot. Of course the higher royalties depended on big production, and, since the Teapot turned out so poorly, the royalty has been low. This would have been true under any lease. Sinclair also gave the same solid protection against the leeches that Doheny did in Elk Hills. He took over the business of fighting the land claimants and finally paid them $1,000,000, giving the Government clear title.

In Sinclair's case the chance every oil producer takes that the oil is not there turned against him. At present the probability that he will have to take a serious loss is so great that many oil men believe he himself stirred up the attack on the lease, so that he could get out of it. That would have been clever, but it is not like what is known of Sinclair. He is a plunger to whom such a loss is all in the day's run, one who has never been known to "squeal." But there is little fear that he will weep if the lease is canceled.

There is a different story about the pipe line, however. This was the biggest object to him, and a big one for the Government. The Teapot production never reached the point where he was called on to build it. But when, presently, the Government asked bids on its Salt Creek royalty oil, Sinclair was in so deep that he put in a bid 25 cents a barrel ahead of the nearest rival. He then got permission to transfer his right to pipe the Teapot oil to a new company, forced the Standard interests to help finance it—they could not afford to have a line there which would enable a rival to cut under them—and started to build the biggest pipe line ever put in for a single field.

The Pipe that Sinclair Built

THIS line is nearly done. It is 717 miles long, of 8 and 10 inch pipe, with pumping stations about every 30 miles. The total cost is around $27,000,000, for a pipe line is no cheap toy. It must be built of steel tubes tested to 1,100 pounds pressure, joined securely against leaks, and well underground. The pumping stations cost $200,000 or more each. This part of the scheme worked well, promises a profit, and is apparently not in danger from the suits to cancel the lease. It gave him the leverage he wanted in the Middle West, raised the price of Wyoming oil, and will raise it further, and gave him the crude he needed. So, if he does lose the lease, he will still have all he really wanted.

The line has also done something for the Government. The deal gives it $3,000,000 a year extra for the Salt Creek royalty oil, besides the higher price for Teapot oil.

Two points about both leases: The royalties given are not the highest known, and it is probable that higher would have been offered by small concerns for some sections. But they are the highest ever paid for any such large tracts. Also, the larger policies involved could not have been carried out through small concerns.

Senator Walsh has tried to show that the pipe line could have been obtained without leasing Teapot Dome. The evidence seems to be that the two were definitely parts of the same deal. One oil man testified that the pipe line was a good business venture, but he refused to bid when Sinclair did.

There has been much effort to find jokers in the leases. The evidence is much too long to repeat, but I have been unable to find that any have appeared in practice, though there is some debatable language in the leases.

These are the main facts about the leases themselves. Perhaps their meaning will be clearer if the results are summarized.

They provide royalties—that is, the landholder's share, which is all the Government held in the oil—far larger than is customary.

They provide a protection for the reserves that was needed so badly that some oil men say there is actually more oil underground to-day than if the leases had not been given and the leeches had been left without interference.

They give the Navy some $15,000,000 worth of storage, constructed without profit, the right to buy petroleum products ten per cent below the market, and a guaranty of adequate fuel immediately and quietly available in case of any future war.

They gave the Navy fuel at strategic points at a time when there was grave danger of war and there seemed no other way to get this supply.

They raised the price of all Government oil in the Salt Creek-Teapot fields, yielding above $3,000,000 extra a year.

They have given larger profits than could possibly have come through bonuses in open bidding on small parcels.

They have given average royalties in California of 32 per cent, as compared with an average of 18.14 per cent in No. 2 Reserve, where the leases followed the Leasing Act.

These things do not seem to indicate bad bargains. They certainly do not justify the charges that the reserves were "given away," that the country has "lost" them or the oil in them, that there has been a "wanton waste of a billion dollars' worth of oil," that "the public domain has been looted," the Navy "deprived of adequate means of defense" or left "without oil to meet war emergencies," or that this is likely so long as the Doheny lease lasts—and the Navy holds the right to decide that point.

In fact, setting aside the question of policy, the leases seem to be very good bargains indeed from the point of view of the Navy. I confess that in such deals there are many things which might easily pass my notice and yet be of great importance, or prove that the Nation had been betrayed. But these leases have been under sharp scrutiny of experts for two years, and they found nothing that they could point to as proof of fraud in the leases themselves. They raised debatable points, to be sure—most of them have been discussed here—but there was nothing that could be fastened upon till outside evidences of corruption appeared.

So, as far as the leases themselves show, the question of what Fall sold to Sinclair or Doheny remains unanswered.

March 25, 1924.

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Spring, by Mikhail Nesterov

Nesterov was born in 1862. Studied at the Moscow School of Fine Arts. Member of the Academy of Fine Arts (1909). Exhibited since 1886, Peredvizhniki, Periodical, Mir Iskusstva, Soyus. Abroad in Paris 1900, in Munich 1909 (gold medal), Rome 1911. Executed the mural paintings in St. Vladimir Cathedral in Kiev and in other churches. His works are in many galleries and museums

The Flag of "Holy Russia"

By GREGORY MASON

A VISIT to Russia has aroused in some Americans their first interest in painting. Men and women who were vaguely familiar with the old "classics" of the conventional museums of western Europe and of America, and vaguely puzzled by the more recent "movements" and "isms," have felt the horizon move back when they crossed the threshold of the Tretiakov Gallery in Moscow. So this was painting! Then painting was something more than they had ever dreamed.

"We are not expert judges," such Americans perhaps said to themselves, "so we won't say that this is the best painting in the world, but we will say that to us it is the most interesting." And later, at home, such returned tourists may have been shocked to learn that some so-called art critics of their own land had never even heard the names of many of the masters of Moscow.

This year Russian painting has come *en masse* to America, or at least the works of more than one hundred of the best modern Russian painters have been brought here and put on exhibition in the Grand Central Palace, New York City. Doubtless before the exhibition closes some Americans who thought that enjoyment of painting was a dead faculty in them will find a new taste added to their capacity for enjoying life.

This collection of work is extremely comprehensive, and gives the beholder a veritable bird's-eye view of Russian art. Every group of living Russian brush wielders is represented except the ultra-modernists. At their own expense these painters have made up this exhibition, sending their work thousands of miles across the seas, a thing never done before in the history of art.

Incidentally, with the canvases is a collection of extraordinary wood sculpture by Sergei Konenkov. Not a very good service is done him by the press agent of the exhibition in comparing his work to that of Rodin. His human bodies have much of the strength of Rodin's, but for some reason are less voluble, less arresting. It is in his "totem-pole" things, his tree sprites, and

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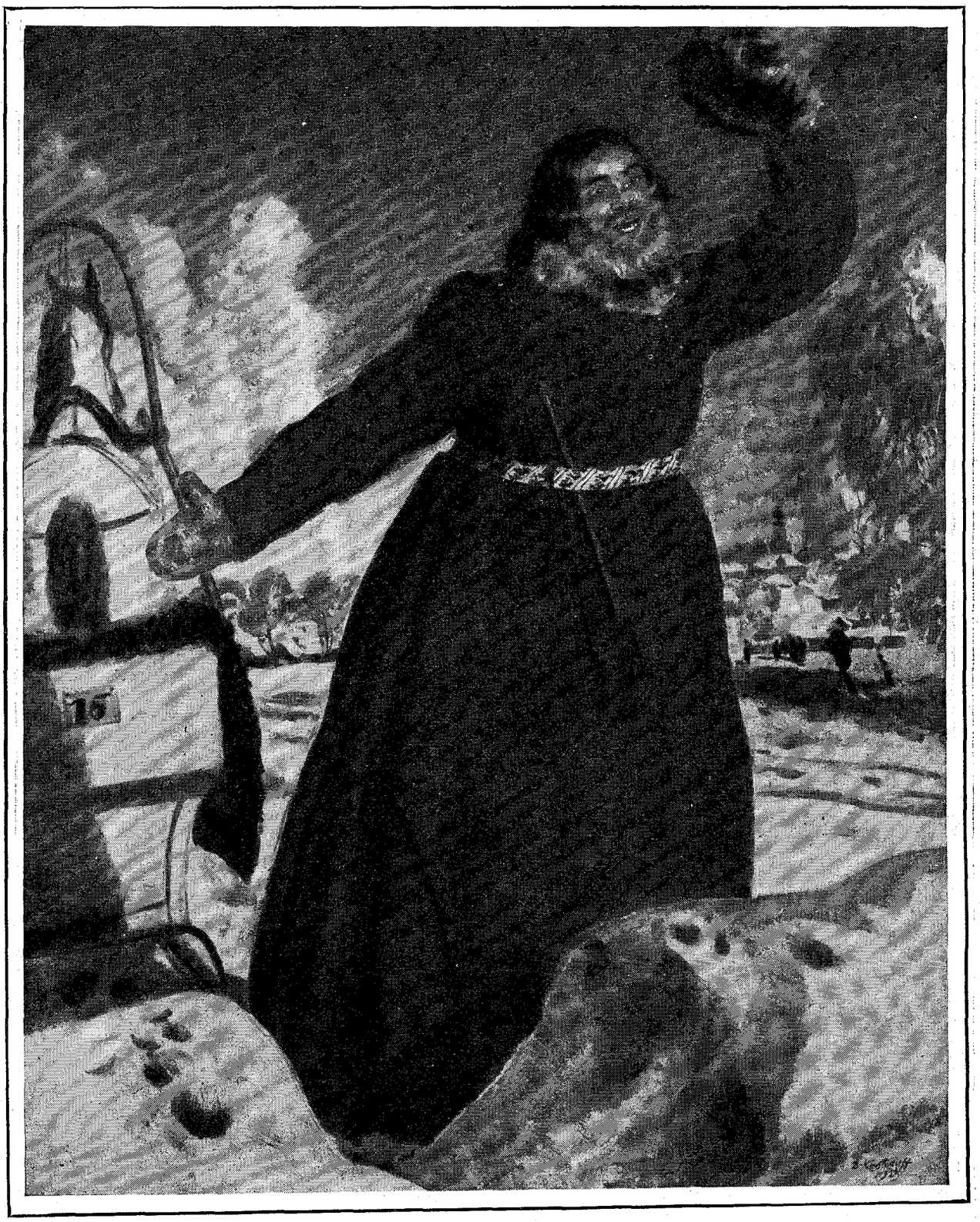

Coachman, by Boris Kustodiev

Kustodiev was born in 1878. Member of the Academy of Fine Arts. Studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Petrograd under Repin. Exhibited in Russia since 1902 at the exhibitions of the Academy, New Society, Soyus; abroad in Vienna 1907, Munich 1909 and 1913, Rome 1911, Malmö 1917. His works are in many museums. Self-portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

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Young Peasant Woman, by Abram Arkhipov

Arkhipov was born in 1862. Member of the Academy of Fine Arts. Studied at Moscow School of Fine Arts. Exhibited since 1883 at Periodical Exhibition, Peredvizhniki, and Soyus. Abroad in Munich 1909 (gold medal). His works are in Tretiakov Gallery, Russian Museum, Petrograd, and in many provincial museums

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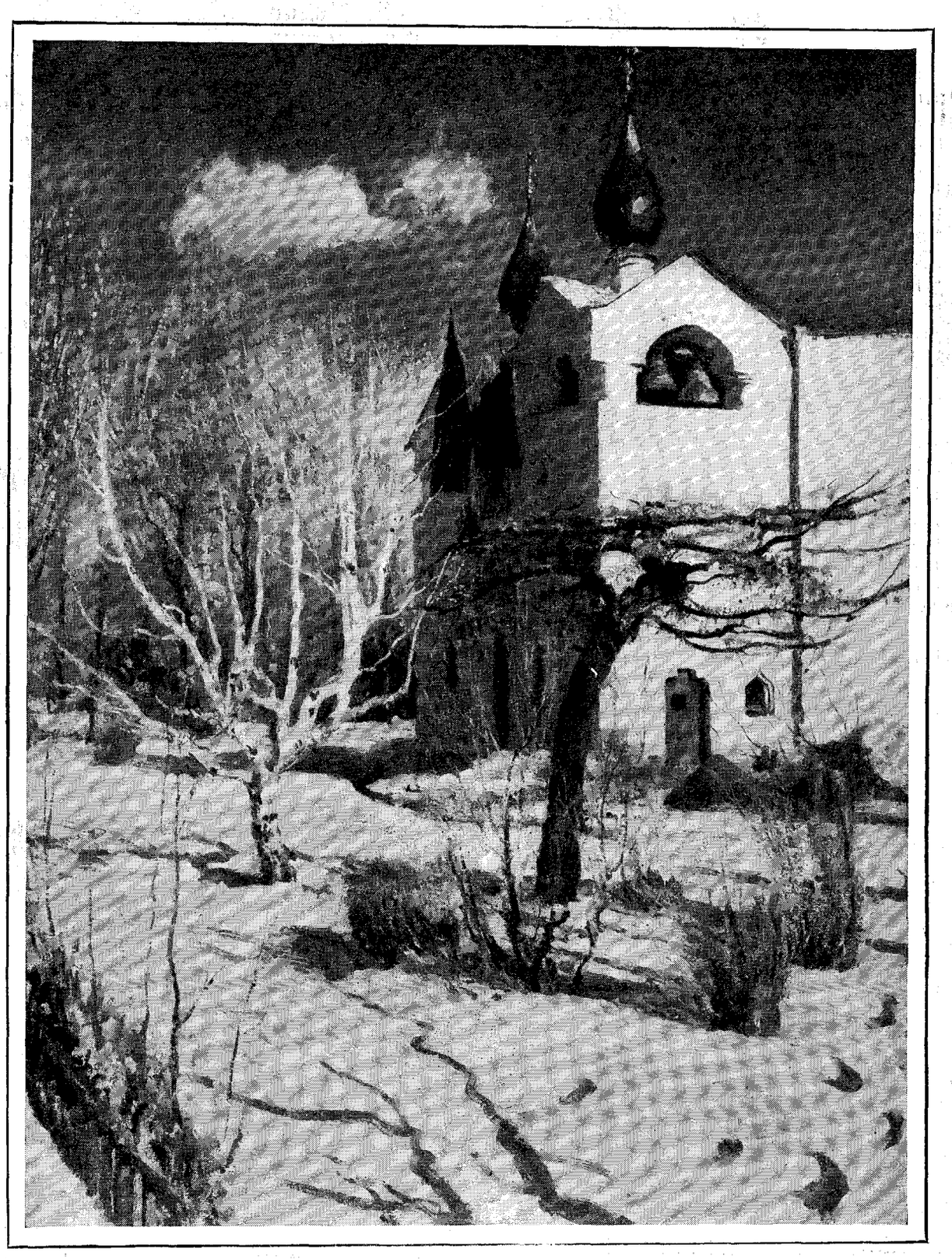

Spring is Coming, by Sergei Vinogradov

Vinogradov was born in 1870. Member of the Academy of Fine Arts. Exhibited in Russia since 1892 at the Peredvizhniki, Mir Iskusstva, and Soyus; abroad at the International Exhibition 1904 in Düsseldorf, Salon d'Automne 1906 in Paris; Russian Exhibition 1907 in Berlin, International Exhibition 1909 (gold medal) and 1913 in Munich, 1914 in Prague. His most important works are in the Russian Museum, Tretiakov Gallery, Academy of Fine Arts, and many provincial museums and in the Museum of Prague

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water nymphs that he offers that which brings the reviewer back again and again to Konenkov's corner of the floor. Who else ever made an old satyr's face grow out of a tree-trunk this way?

The vivid eyes of a lady by Ulianov, the light and shadow of Jukovski's "Monastery Gates," Juon's tell-tale snow, Mashkov's reminder that Russia has its semi-tropical corners, portraits by Grabar, Arkhipov, Victor Vasnetsov, Serov, Sorin, Konchalovsky, landscapes or bits of Russian life by Krymov, Vinogradov, Bogdanov-Bielsky, Kustodiev—these are some of the many good things which the layman remembers with a delight which no pronouncement of jaded critics may undermine.

It is too bad that there is nothing here of Repin, Ivanov, Shishkin; but Vasnetsov is here, and Nesterov. Nesterov, who is Russia! Look at his broad canvases; close your eyes, and again you are clicking off the long miles between Petrograd and Vladivostok. This country is now flat, now rolling plain with a slow swell like a sea after a storm. Now it is timbered with dark-green firs and white birches, now carpeted with golden and sapphire flowers; again plows have bared the rich steaming black earth or a soil as red as raspberries. Except that it is more fertile the land might be Maine, Oregon, or western Massachusetts.

Fat swine and flocks of black goats graze in beautiful open stretches of sward as level as polo fields. And in the lush bottom lands little colts beneath clumps of silvery birches or emerald firs face the friendly rain. Here the soil is so dark that the bare wet roads through this grassy expanse are black-velvet ribbons over green plush. It is a land of much water, a land of small rivers and big brooks.

One-storied houses of unfinished boards cluster in hollows or on hills beneath low, basking clouds. The most prominent building in every village is the tall white church, lifting its blue-tipped spires to match the sky. Religion and agriculture, agriculture and religion—well is it called "Holy Russia"! Though revolution rages about him, plowing is the only politics the Russian peasant knows, and the love of this rich dark earth is his real religion. This blind devotion of the Russian peasant to the land where he was born is what makes "Holy Russia."

Bright-green firs as symmetrical as closed parasols. White birches with thick drooping branches in the open and thin lifting branches in the cool woods where their pallid trunks reflect the sunlight and enhance the depth of the shade. But sometimes these trunks are fairly radiant, as if they had an inner illumination of their own.

The silence of Russian country! In winter Russia is a broad, white silence, in summer it is a stillness of white and green. From the Baltic to Manchuria march the birches and the firs. Not the old gaudy flag of the Czars, not the fiery flag of revolution is the true symbol of the real Russia, of "Holy Russia," but the silver of her birches and the emerald of her firs.

Because he knows this and likes to paint it Nesterov is to American eyes perhaps the most Russian of all these Russians.

Creeds and Honesty

I—A Cowboy Puts the Question

By G. LIVINGSTON

THIS letter comes from a cow camp in Oregon. It was one of hundreds of responses to The Outlook's offer of prizes for the best letters on "What the Church Means to Me." Though the "boys" on whose behalf it was written have evidently misunderstood what they read about creeds, their letter deserved a prize, we decided, because it is frank and clear in expressing a very common state of mind. Can people honestly recite to-day the old Church creeds? This is not a question merely for theologians. It concerns all sorts of people, including cowboys. Because it is disturbing people who believe that honesty is as important in religion as in business, we asked Bishop Parsons to answer it; and his answer follows on the next page. Bishop Parsons, we should add, had not seen the cowboys' letter when he wrote his article, nor when we asked him to write it did we have that letter in mind. The letter and the article, however, when we saw them together naturally fitted to each other as question and answer.

ONE of our boys went to town the other day and brought out a copy of The Outlook, in which we notice an invitation for reasons for not attending church. Here let me dispel the commonly accepted idea that cowboys are irreligious.

Not one in our camp of seven men but what believes in a God and the wonderfully civilizing influence of the teachings of Jesus. That he was the Christ we don't know, and, as that knowledge is beyond the ken of human intelligence, we "drop the bat."

Occasionally, when in town, I attend some church. The service usually opens with singing and a poor sermon delivered in a long prayer supposedly addressed to God, who, at the time, is out and does not hear it, while the congregation is more or less bored. Then they repeat in unison what they call "The Apostles' Creed," to which I give close attention, and, after passing it through the alembic of reason, I am forced to the conclusion that I am deficient in understanding or that all who give it assent are—well, plainly, liars.

On one of my visits, after the service the sacrament of the Supper was administered, and I noticed that nineteen women and three fossilized men partook. So it seems that men are not disposed to subscribe to statements of belief that they cannot comprehend.

Charley, our camp cook, is ever on the alert for information, and when we were in to the railway with a stock shipment he went to the city library and got a history of the Creed.

He found that in the year 325 Constantine convened the Council of Nice to decide whether Jesus was a man or the Son of God. They found that Jesus was the Christ and substantial with the Father. In 381 Theodosius called a council at Constantinople, and this council decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father. Theodosius, the younger, assembled another council at Ephesus to ascertain who the Virgin Mary really was, and in the year 431 solemnly decided that she was the mother of God. In the year 451 it was decided by a council held at Chalcedon, called together by Emperor Marcian, that Jesus had two natures—human and divine.

In 681 Pognatius convened a council in Constantinople which decided that Jesus had two wills, and in 1272 it was decided at the Council of Lyons that the

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Holy Ghost proceeded from both the Father and the Son.

Note the dates and tell us what the Apostles had to do with that monstrosity. Every statement of that Creed breathes the paganism from whence it came.

Enthusiasm seems to characterize some present-day churches, but to tap the fountain of reason enthusiasm must be fortified by good sense.

No need for more churches. Too many of them now. In Ontario, Oregon, the shipping point for our section of country, there are six churches and five resident pastors. Think of a manufacturer keeping five resident agents to represent his products in a little town of less than three thousand people.

Let one or two present-day churches adopt a brief twentieth-century statement of faith and belief that the man of ordinary intelligence can comprehend, and they will not lack for patronage.

II—What Lies Behind Creeds

By the Right Rev. EDWARD L. PARSONS

Bishop Coadjutor of California

IS the Church a man's native land in religion or is it merely his political party? In the controversies which are disturbing the peace of so many Christian communions in America to-day the question of creedal or confessional allegiance is constantly brought to the front. One side insists that loyalty and honesty require strict interpretation of standards and rigid adherence to them. The other side asks for freedom of interpretation and seems to claim that standards of the past should sit lightly on the present. To the strict constructionist the Modernist seems a very libertine in matters of high truth. To the Modernist the conservative seems perilously near to bigotry and woefully blind to facts. Under such circumstances, the big question as to which view of some doctrine like that of the inspiration of the Bible may be right is lost sight of in the question as to how far divergencies of view may be allowed within a particular Church. Now that is a personal question. It involves the status in the Church of individuals. As long as that is the case, controversy, instead of being the fine-spirited endeavor to reach through the contrast of varying views the understanding of a larger truth, becomes easily acrimonious and partisan. It is of first importance to get this question of loyalty to standards settled.

One must note at the outset that the difficulty does not lie between two systems of doctrine, but between two points of view. The Fundamentalists in the Protestant churches with their opinions about the Bible and evolution have little in common with the conservatives in the Episcopal Church, except the way in which they approach the question of loyalty. Modernists, in the original sense of the word, like the Roman Catholics Loisy and Tyrrell, have little in common with Dr. Parks or Dr. Fosdick except that same thing, a way of approach. The one group seems to approach the question as one does that of allegiance to his political party. To the other the Church is his native land.

Bearing in mind, then, that these "party" terms are only rough methods of suggesting more or less common points of view, this brief paper is an attempt to suggest what the contrast of political party and native land means. Modernism has always existed in the Church if we mean by it only progressive or liberal thought; but Modernism in these days, wherever we find it, seems to have one specifically "modern" characteristic. Its adherents are agreed in accepting the view of social and historical science that the great life movements of humanity have their origin in primal instincts, in elementary passions and faiths, and in personal and corporate devotions which are not intellectual and rational. Experience comes first. Things happen before men begin to understand them or to try to formulate their meanings. Society exists before men organize it consciously; the "social contract" comes, not at its beginning, but in its maturity. Crystallization in formula or organization is always, although of vast importance, a secondary thing. It is only a part of the life process; and a living thing, whether it be a human body or a nation, is always changing, is always finding different and new adjustments and expressions.

The Church or society of Christians (whether one means the whole great body of Christian people or some one communion) is just such another living thing. It begins with devotion to Jesus Christ. That is its life principle. Its creeds, its ritual, its liturgies, and organization, are ways of self-expression. They have enormous value. They teach and guide and restrain. But the thing which keeps the Church together is not liturgy or creed or even sacrament. It is the living spirit.

From such a premise the question for the Modernist is whether he finds himself in the same spiritual succession as the men who framed the creed. Does he share in the life which flows from Jesus Christ, and does he want to be part of the society which transmits that life? His churchmanship is like his citizenship. Back of the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution lies the spirit of that America which called them into being. For the actual statements of one or the details of the other he may care little. He may dissent heartily from the prevailing interpretations of his own day; he may belong to some small minority party or to none; but the spirit of America has possession of him, and to serve America is his birthright.

The Modernist, if I understand him aright, claims the Church as his spiritual native land. However differently he may express his faith under new conditions of life and new knowledge of the world, he knows that it is the same faith as that of the men who made the earlier creeds. If he had lived in their day, he would have used their language and they to-day would use his. There is of course a very great difference between creeds like the Apostles' and Nicene, which have been accepted by practically all Christians, and confessions like those which grew up in the Reformation period. The former express the great central faiths. The latter deal with views of a somewhat limited group. But in general the attitude of the Modernist towards either type of "symbol" will be the same. The Presbyterian, proud of his covenanting ancestry, will approach that great achievement of his spiritual forebears, the Westminster Confession, in much the same spirit as that in which, when he is thinking of himself just as a Christian, he will approach the Apostles' or Nicene Creed. Obviously, the application will be different, but the principle involved seems to be the same.

In the application of this principle, and limiting our thought to the historic creeds of the whole Church, there appear to be at least three very practical considerations. The first is that the creed is not a rigid and inflexible standard of

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doctrine. The Apostles' Creed represents the way in which the Church of the early centuries gradually came to tell of its devotion to Christ. The Nicene Creed phrases the faith of the Church that Christ is God manifest in human life. Both grew out of the experience of the Church, and the experience of the Church all along from New Testament times to the present day is what tests them. The ages which gave them birth tested them by the New Testament and by tradition. They added or subtracted without hesitation. When we say that the Apostles' Creed is the growth of centuries, we mean that for five or six hundred years local churches like Rome or Aquileia were rephrasing old clauses or putting in new ones. No one thought that they were heretical because they did so. The Nicene Creed as we use it to-day is greatly different from the Creed of Nicæa. Now, no Christian communion wants to alter these Creeds upon its own responsibility. They are guides and checks and tests in the larger ranges of Christian experience. They belong to the Universal Church, and only a reunited Church should touch them. But when once one has seen how they grew one realizes that they cannot stand as rigid external formulations of doctrine. In a living Church they are forever being tested, not only by the New Testament with its Gospels and its record of early Christian experience and by the centuries of Christian life, but also by the present and its knowledge of Christ. To repeat them is not to make a detailed profession of beliefs, but to affirm a spiritual unity with the past.

It will, secondly, be clear that a creed thus viewed historically will come to stand primarily for the larger and more essential significance which it held in the time of its birth. The Apostles' Creed slowly took the place of the simple question of New Testament times to those who came to be baptized, "Dost thou believe on the Lord Jesus?" But it was never intended to be other than a "baptismal" creed—that is, to express the simple belief in Christ. To say it is to say, "I am a Christian, and I take my stand with all the host of Christians from the beginning." The Nicene Creed has many phrases, but one great confession, the faith in the Incarnation. The language in which that faith is expressed is the technical language of the Greek theologians of the fourth century. Many theologians believe that that language is still the most adequate available for the purpose. But, whatever the future may say about that, it is quite clear that to many devout Christians, profoundly believers in the Incarnation. the language is foreign and unintelligible; just as in both Creeds the different word setting gives at best an atmosphere of strangeness to the modern mind. But the Modernist says that that does not matter. Where a man has put Christ in that same central place in which the Church has always put him, and finds himself therefore an inheritor of the past and a participator in the fellowship of to-day, the Creed is his.

That brings us to the question of honesty. The third conclusion which emerges as we come at this whole problem of creeds from the point of view of a living and growing Church is that the test of a man's honesty is not his adherence to certain literally taken phrases of the Creed, but his loyalty to the great corporate experience which the Church has tried to express in the creeds. The test of a man's loyalty to the Nation six years ago was not what he thought of the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution, but whether he was ready to go into the trenches and die. It is the sectarian notion of the Church which makes men take the other view. They think of it as a political party. If one comes to differ with the Republican platform, try the Democratic. But the Church is a man's native land. It belongs as much to the Modernist as to the Fundamentalist or conservative. If the former believes that he has seen truth a little more fully than the latter while still sharing with him the big deep experience of love to Christ, disloyalty or dishonesty would lie in his deserting the Church, not in his staying in it. Some of us remember the days when Christianity was supposed to stand or fall with the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. What would have happened to the churches if, under the pressure of attack, the men who had found the Bible a new book through the light thrown by historical study had deserted? So the Modernist of to-day, attacked as dishonest because he uses a Creed in which there are many phrases which to him have only spiritual, not literal, values, answers that he needs no defense. The Church is as much his as the other man's. He loves the Church, and with every ounce of strength which God has given him he will strive to make it worthy to be called "the pillar and stay of the truth." He would be a traitor guilty of a dishonesty which would poison his whole soul to do otherwise.

Furthermore, he believes that in this view of the Church and religious responsibility he has found a larger and more inspiring truth. The Church of the past seems more glorious and the Church of the present more appealing. He turns with confidence to the thoughtful men and women of to-day, especially to the young men and women of the colleges. They are greatly troubled by many of the generally held teachings of Christianity; but they are genuinely alive to the power of the call of Christ. They want a positive faith, but they want it in a principle of life, not in a formula. He believes that they will be glad to enter into the spiritual inheritance which the Church offers if it is offered to them as such, and not as adherence to a doctrinal statement.

Such, as I understand it, is the position of the men who in the present controversies are called Modernists as regards their place in the Church. I confess that I am unable to see how, whether we like their views on other matters or not, we can do other than agree with them on this. We must let them work things out within the Church or else we must say that the Church is not to be a living, growing body, a man's native land, but the instrument of a rigid code.

One final question arises. It is a valid and searching question. Is a Church to have no means of self-protection? With such individual freedom allowed, may not dangerous heresy take too deep root and its poisonous fruits drive truth from the garden of the Lord? The answer seems to lie in recognizing the realities of the case. As Milton long ago asked us: "Let her [Truth] and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" The mere moral pressure of the environment will eliminate from any communion men who are really disloyal, or make their influence negligible. There is no need of ecclesiastical process. Repression never heals heresy. It only scatters it as water scatters the burning oil. To soften heresy by love and teach it by sweet reasonableness is the only Christian way of dealing with it. The candid discussion of loyal men must always minister to the increase of truth and the understanding of it. It is still true, as St. Paul affirmed, that love is "the more excellent way." I am quite aware that that sounds unpractical. It requires as a method patience and unlimited faith in one another. It is not the way that men ordinarily do things. But the chief failure of the Church since the early ages has lain in the fact that it has proclaimed the Gospel of Love, but not dared to practice it when crises came. If the Church is to save the world, it must dare to stake the future on the power of love. It must proclaim the Gospel of Love. It must also have faith enough in it to practice it.

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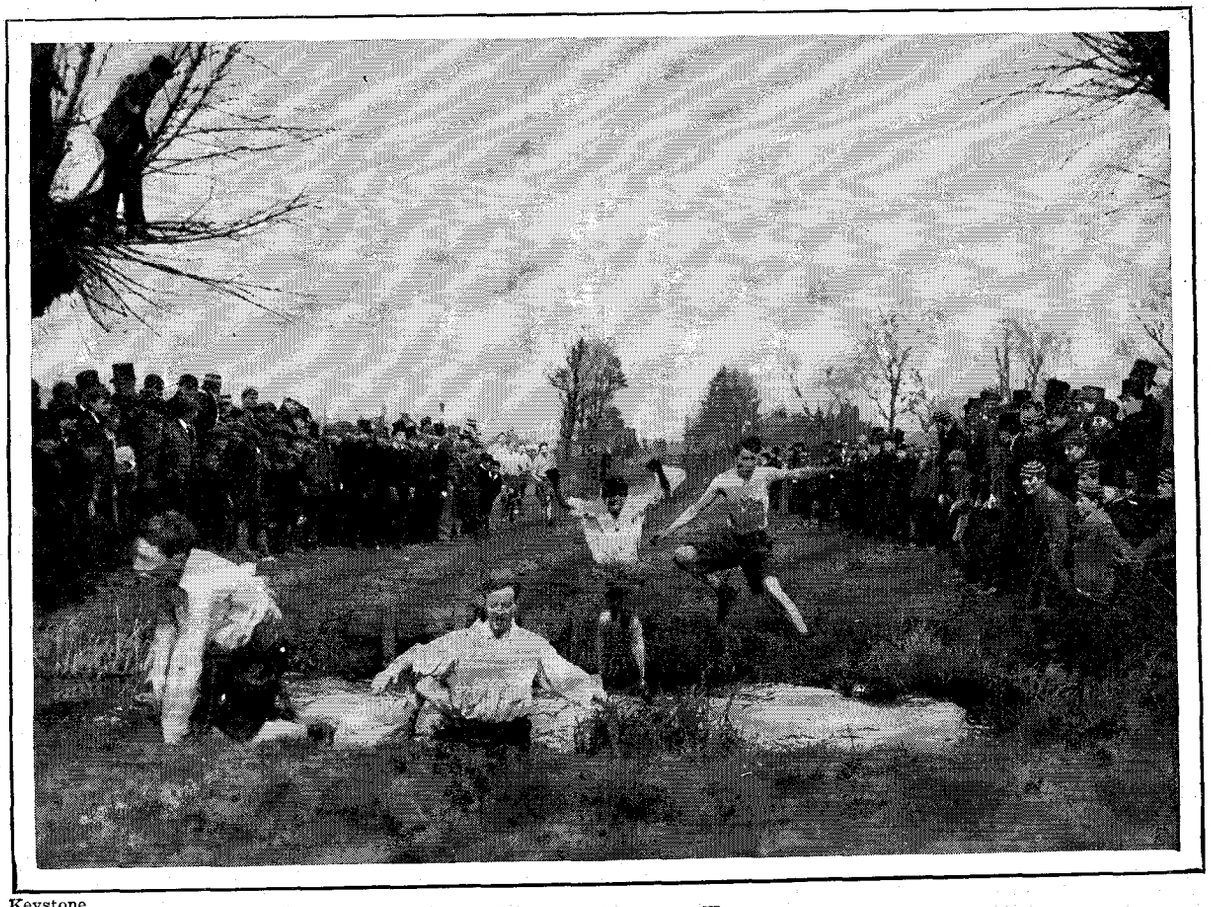
The Prince of Wales Had Better Try This Kind of Jumping

Wide World Photos

English Girls in a Cross-Country Run

The Middlesex Ladies' Athletic Club are here seen encountering an obstacle in their recent cross-country run, near Sudbury



Keystone

A Steeplechase at Eton

Eton juniors swim, wade, or jump across what is called a "formidable brook" in their cross-country steeplechase

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The Book Table

Kings as Counter-Irritants

By Henry W. Bunn

"As a result of conversations with Mussolini," observes General Sherrill, "this book [1] is written to tell how an American, who does not believe in the so-called 'Divine Right' of kings, came to learn of a certain new utility of sovereigns in Europe—as non-political symbols of government, and therefore unique factors in the struggle against Bolshevism."

The sentence quoted is, in its looseness, typical of the book under review. There is nothing new in the fact or idea of the utility of constitutional sovereigns as non-political symbols of government. The novelty is in the fact or idea of the "unique" usefulness of these "symbols" in the struggle against Bolshevism.

It is highly creditable to General Sherrill that though, like most Americans, a tremendous admirer of Mussolini, he was unwilling to accept without verification that hero's praise of the new-found virtue of the "symbols." He therefore proceeded on a tour of inspection of the crowned heads of Europe, and, after a few minutes' conversation with each monarch and a somewhat longer confab with his Premier or Foreign Secretary, he satisfied himself that the great Duke spake truth. It would be mean to hint that perhaps the General's head was just a little bit turned by his cordial receptions by royalty, so I refrain from doing so; but I do not think it unfair to suggest that he might profitably have gone to greater pains to hear "the other side." For example: the General is discussing the Hungarian situation (for, besides the crowned heads, he called on Admiral Horthy and on the President of Czechoslovakia), and observes: "The authority for all statements of fact made in this chapter is the Royal Hungarian Legation in Paris, and the author's conversations with Admiral Horthy and Prime Minister Bethlen." Now, considering how very debatable is the history of Hungary since 1918, and how very debatable the part therein played by the Admiral, the critical reader is not likely to accept the authority cited as altogether convincing.

That constitutional monarchy has in many instances proved the most suitable type of government, is a statement with which, though it is incapable of proof, few would take issue; but the author's claim (for surely he claims as much) that constitutional monarchy is (for Europe at least) absolutely the safest type of government in face of the Bolshevik menace is likely to be challenged widely.

Because of their alleged anti-Bolshevik value, if for no other reason, General Sherrill would keep the thrones which have survived the recent unpleasantnesses. Not only so, but he advises Hungary to make haste to crown Horthy or Bethlen, and he is even willing that the German kingdoms should be restored, the matter in each case to be decided by popular vote. It would seem (page 295) that he envisages a mixed federation of German kingdoms and republics, with retention of the present central Reich Government—a President instead of an Emperor, in order "to flatter such republics as the United States and France." I shall not flatter General Sherrill by pretending to discover political sagacity in this curious conception. Imagine, if you please, Germany adopting a political arrangement to "flatter" France.

The author, indeed, fails to make good his main thesis—namely, that constitutional monarchy is the safest form of government in face of the Bolshevik menace. For some states it probably is; for other states it probably is not. Has Bolshevism made greater gains in France than in Britain? It has not. Has monarchical Rumania made a better defense against the Red peril than has republican Czechoslovakia? It has not. Would France on any ground whatever be well advised to restore the royal "symbol"? An answer is unnecessary. It might plausibly be argued that Poland or Finland would fare better under kings; but it is very doubtful. It might with equal plausibility be argued that Jugoslavia and Bulgaria would do well to chuck their kings.

Sweeping statements in the field of political science are dangerous. It is an empirical science. It were absurd to assert that for earthly purposes one form of government is absolutely superior to all others. The case of each country has separately to be considered. What is sauce for the goose is not necessarily sauce for the gander. De Tocqueville has sufficiently set forth this truth in that incomparable treatise of political philosophy, "Democracy in America." No doubt the pattern of the ideal government is laid up in heaven; but, as Socrates dryly intimated in the "Republic," it is not likely to be realized on earth.

It has to be said that "The Purple or the Red" contributes little of value by way of political information, philosophy, criticism, or prophecy; that it is far from being a profound book. "Without incredibly stultifying itself," declares the General, (British) "Labor could hardly consent to include a peer in its party organization." But note that one of the first of Mr. MacDonald's acts as Premier was to translate two members of his Government to the House of Lords. Such a hasty and injudicious observation as the above, and the General's comments on the Aaland Islands question and Stamboulisky, do not bespeak a political philosopher of a high order.

The book, however, is pleasant enough reading, and not without a certain value. It may be recommended for a one-day railway journey. The General did actually meet the royal remnant of Europe still "in active service." He likes them all, and he has recorded his impressions of them with gusto and yet with the courteous reticence of a gentleman. I doubt he has on the whole flattered them, for the kings now kinging it in Europe are, as kings, really an exceptionally fine lot; two, at least, magnificent personalities, and perhaps (some have not been sufficiently tested to justify a confident appraisal) none unworthy to serve as a "symbol" of national unity and tradition. Two—the kings of Britain and Italy—are undoubtedly of supreme value as "symbols;" the symbolic value of the others (whatever their personal merits) may cautiously be said to vary from high to doubtful.

The volume is beautifully printed and is illustrated by remarkably fine photographs.

[1] The Purple or the Red. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $4.

The New Books

FICTION

AUDACITY. By Ben Ames Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Light, gay, amusing, and adventurous; also entirely impossible; but if one is in the mood, who cares? One more story of impersonation, but treated from an unusual angle. Clever crook, nice girl, merry and indomitable hero. An excellent book to read in a lounge-chair with plenty of cushions, or just before going to bed. Not because it is sleepy, but because it isn't; and has an atmosphere

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EIGHT PANES OF GLASS. By Robert Simpson. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

Inevitably upon reading "Eight Panes of Glass" the critic, if sufficiently ancient of days, recalls the "kail-yard school" of —was it twenty-five years ago?—when the public was smiling and dabbing its eyes over the Scotch villagers of Crockett, "Ian Maclaren," and Barrie. Almost as inevitably he remembers for his own good a moment later that

> There were critics before—
> And the man who plants cabbages imitates too.

Not who cultivated the patch first is the question, but whether this new crop in the auld kail-yard was worth raising. Mr. Robert Simpson's cabbages, it may be at once admitted, have not quite the delicious and distinctive flavor of the earlier yield; they do not constitute a literary banquet; but they are pretty good cabbages none the less. Nor do they ever become sentimentally flabby and floppy, as those of his distinguished predecessors sometimes did. They do not wilt to mushiness even under the temptation to pathos offered by the bedridden invalid, Janet, through the eight panes of whose window overlooking the converging roads to Strathdarr so much of the action is viewed. The dialect is not formidable, and those who enjoy, at least in literature, the society of shrewd and simple villagers may perhaps relish the more, for a change, a group belonging to neither old nor New England, but thoroughly imbued with the Scotchiness of the Scotch.

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF ANNE BOLEYN (THE). By Philip W. Sergeant. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

What manner of woman was Anne Boleyn? That she was a comely woman may be conceded, and because she had dark eyes and a pretty face is the reason, so some historians would argue, why many of us listen to Protestant ministers on Sunday, instead of going to mass. For Henry VIII would have her, and threw over wife, Pope, and Church in order to wed. She grievously disappointed him, and perhaps innocently wrought her own destruction, in bearing a daughter instead of a son. If Henry had known it, such a daughter was worth many a son, for she was no less a person than Queen Elizabeth. Then did Anne most outrageously misconduct herself—according to some writers—and brought herself to the executioner's block. But others, including Mr. Sergeant, will not believe it. Henry VIII was a tyrant, and a vile conspirator against his own wife. Determined to marry another, he allowed a foul, perjured plot to be concocted against her, and a packed jury and Court (including some of the most illustrious men in England) to "frame her," as we would say to-day. He slaughtered four or five other innocent victims at the same time; one of them was Anne's brother. The evidence at the trial has been lost, and historians have been inclined to divide on it according to their religious opinions about the English Reformation. Froude absolves Henry, of course, while S. R. Gardiner does not. Mr. Sergeant's book is a history of this period of Henry's reign, soberly written and with clarity. He defends Anne's character throughout, and his is likely to be the popular verdict. Henry was too much addicted to the habit of getting rid of wives to have posterity believe that in any one instance he may have had justification, even by the harsh laws of his time.

LETTERS OF THE TSARITSA TO THE TSAR, 1914–1916. With an Introduction by Sir Bernard Pares. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $5.

A long collection, in fine print, of personal and intimate letters, some of them of political importance. They were found in the last prison of the Imperial family, and have been published in Berlin. It is said that the Bolshevists do not deny their authenticity. They were originally written in English, the language customarily used between the Emperor and the Empress. Personal and family affairs, the health of the children, and pathetically affectionate messages fill two-thirds of the pages. The Intro-

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duction is thoroughly interesting and informative. To read that and to look at a few pages of the letters is all that most readers will care to do. More will require perseverance.

SUETONIUS; HISTORY OF TWELVE CÆSARS. Translated by Philemon Holland (1606). Edited by J. H. Freese. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Perhaps the best volume yet to appear in these Broadway Translations. We get our legends, our stories, and, it is to be feared, our lies about the Roman emperors from Suetonius. He has blackened their characters forever. When we see how easily the most ridiculous scandals arise in their own time about many of our public men, is it too much to believe that Suetonius may indeed have perpetuated the slanders of political enemies? The fishing trips of one of our Presidents were called drunken debauches by his unscrupulous foes; is it not possible to credit the quaint story that Tiberius, at Capri, was really engaged in philosophical speculation, instead of infamous orgies? At all events, H. G. Wells is right when he says that what are mere passing black thoughts and angry impulses with most of us, became deeds, or could have become deeds, with the Cæsars, and before a man condemns Nero as a different species of being from himself he should examine his own secret thoughts very carefully.

This is a pleasing seventeenth-century translation, with a tangle of notes from which the incautious reader may never emerge if once he ventures into such a blackberry thicket. They are all at the end, and may conveniently be left quite alone.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. (Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf.) The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

A small, neat book in which Mr. Chesterton presents his idea of the saint in his characteristic manner. Mr. Chesterton has been the great modern defender of nonsense, and has carried over his earlier methods into his defense of greater and more serious topics like miracles and the problems of religious faith. He is satisfied with such a *non sequitur* as to ask why, if one rejects the story that St. Francis flung himself into a fire and emerged unharmed, one should not also reject the story that St. Francis flung himself into a camp of ferocious Moslems and returned safe?

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA. By Martin Johnson. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Johnson, who is known for his books and pictures about the South Seas, has now turned to Africa, especially British East Africa, for his material. It is his ambition to record by a camera the

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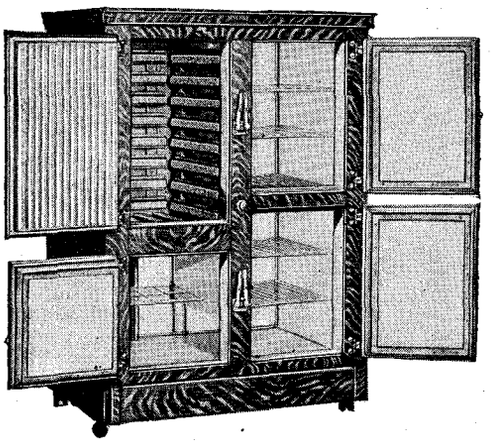

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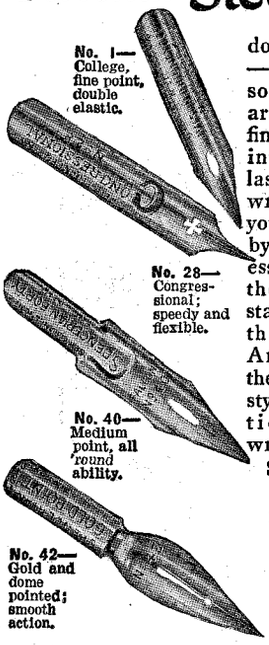

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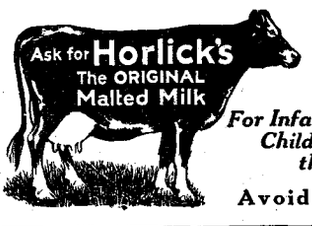

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lives of the wild animals of that country. This narrative of his adventures, accompanied by his wife and his father, is easy to read. If it is not particularly distinguished in style, it is simple and never dull. He killed few animals, and took the pictures of many. There are two or three thrilling episodes and many excellent photographs. The African natives or the great beasts often appear in contrast with the figure of the comely Mrs. Johnson, who is herself an intrepid hunter and the slayer of lions. Some photographs of zebras, of giraffes, of rhinoceroses, and a few views of the African landscape are notable in a book which is full of admirable illustrations.

NATURALIST AT THE POLES (A). By R. N. Rudmore Brown. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $6.

An account of the life, work, and voyages of Dr. W. S. Bruce, a Scottish polar explorer of considerable scientific note, who was virtually unknown to the world at large. He preferred strictly scientific investigation, and so planned and recorded his work in a scholarly rather than in a popular manner. Dr. Bruce published no general account of his many voyages, and it is left to his sympathetic friend and biographer to tell of his thirty years' travel and exploration of polar regions. He did remarkable work as a field naturalist, showing keen interest in collecting and observing.

Dr. Bruce's first work at sea was on the Balaena in the Antarctic, where his scientific pursuits were greatly hindered by the whaling and sealing operations it was necessary to carry on. Some of his most important work was with the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition of 1902–4 in the Scotia, a full account of which is given.

He also became much interested in Arctic regions, making surveys and explorations in Spitzbergen between 1909 and 1920. Maps and illustrations assist in making this a book of value to all who are interested in polar exploration.

TO THE ALPS OF CHINESE TIBET. By J. W. Gregory and C. J. Gregory. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $6.

This book records a four months' trip of two Scottish scientists who traveled mostly afoot for 1,500 miles through Burma and Yunnan in search of geological, zoölogical, and botanical data. They were especially interested in studying the relation of the mountains in these countries to the main chain of the Himalayas. Much of their journey was over routes where an escort was necessary to prevent their being robbed by brigands, and through villages where the natives were unfamiliar with Europeans. The greater part of their account relates to the people and their curious customs.

As has been reported elsewhere by travelers in Chinese Tibet, they had no difficulty in locating the schools, for the pupils spend most of their time in shouting the Chinese characters at the top of their voices. It is their duty to learn for ordinary purposes about 5,000 characters which represent entire words; and 10,000 are necessary if one is to be well educated. Naturally, there is scant time to learn much else.

Tibetan bridges are described as consisting of a single rope woven of bamboo strips, which is fastened to a post near the water on one side of the river, and at a height of fifty feet on the opposite bank. A grooved hardwood bar is laid on the rope and a thong is passed over it and around the victim, who then runs down the jumping-off platform and steadies himself above the water by placing his hands on the bar. The return journey may be made on another rope slanting the other way.

Travel along the cliff paths was somewhat precarious, as they sometimes ran along the face of vertical rocks only a few feet above the turbulent water. At sharp corners the mules had to be unloaded so that they might turn with some degree of safety. The authors commend

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the neat appearance of the "potted lamas" which they observed near water-driven prayer-wheels. They were cone-shaped lumps of grayish-white clay about four inches high, and were formed by grinding up and compressing a lama's bones, which in this way "keep indefinitely and can be transported as easily as a rock specimen."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

READINGS IN ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY FROM PRE-ROMAN DAYS TO A.D. 1837. Edited by R. B. Morgan. The University Press, Cambridge, England. 16 shillings.

A picture of Britain and its inhabitants, presented by extracts chosen from writers beginning with Strabo and ending with Washington Irving and Sydney Smith. A thick book, but not a heavy one in either sense; a fine book for casual reading.

POETRY

SKYLINES AND HORIZONS. By DuBose Heyward. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The Horizons of Mr. DuBose Heyward's slender volume are those of the South Carolina low country; the Skylines, those of the Great Smoky Mountains. In several poems about old Charleston he expresses, gracefully and fervently, a natural rebellion at the encroachments of modern ugliness; and it is easy for the most practical of Northerners or Westerners—even though feeling more than a suspicion that Mr. Heyward rebels at modernity itself, ugly or not—to sympathize with his passionate devotion to the ancient city erected in the past by—

> Statesmen and dreamers, workers with taut sinews,
> Who builded Beauty here and called it *home.*

But it is the highland, not the lowland, poems of Mr. Heyward which really haunt the memory; they possess power, poignancy, and beauty, and often interpretative or dramatic value as well. "The Yoke of Oxen," "The Mountain Girl," "The Mountain Woman," "The Mountain Graveyard," and others of the little group bear the test of reading and re-reading. In all but one the poet himself speaks for or concerning the mountain people. In that one, "Black Christmas," a swift, deadly simple tragedy of feud is compressed into less than twenty lines, put into the mouth of a mountain wife. Even further compression cannot destroy its quality:

> An' a year gone by, an' with everythin' *thet* still
> An' never once a Galloway on our side the hill—
> Oh, I was glad this mornin', when Dal hollered up to me
> To sen' the younguns runnin' to help him fetch a tree—
> I watched him drop the saplin' with a single stroke
> An' the snow all whirlin' round him like a shinin' smoke
> While the younguns tumbled an' laughed an' sang:
> Then someone shouted sudden—an' a rifle rang.
> Now the folk are gatherin' to bring him from the shed;
> *An' I got to stop denyin' that my man is dead.*

Generations of travelers in Europe have seen women washing clothes, like the woman in this illustration, on the banks of rivers.

Shall the river work— or shall you?

Too many women, abroad, are still washing clothes like this.

They go to the river. Our American rivers are being trained to come to *us*. Water-wheels drive electric generators—thus water is supplied to your home, and electric current runs the washing machine which has banished so much toil.

Back of every great step in woman's progress from a drudge to a free citizen has been some labor-saving invention. Back of most inventions in electricity's progress from a mystery to a utility has been the research of General Electric Company scientists and engineers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Books Received

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

RESTRICTION ON IMMIGRATION. By Edith M. Phelps. The H. W. Wilson Company, New York. 75c.

RUSSIA AND PEACE. By Fridtjof Nansen. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

SOURCES AND DOCUMENTS ILLUSTRATING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By S. E. Morison. Clarendon Press, Oxford. $3.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

OASIS. By Gertrude Bone. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

REVELATION OF GOD IN NATURE (THE). By Rev. C. J. Shebbeare and Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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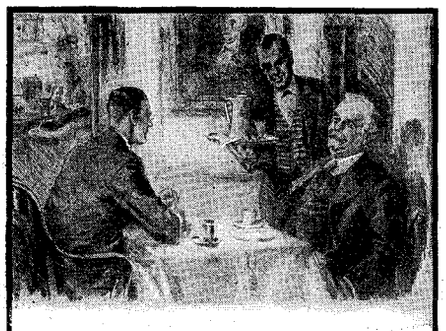

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When Steam and Bill Were Young

We of the old day square-riggers talk with a queer longing of the days that are done, and remember wide sea ways which, once well known to the keels of our sailing ships, are in these days become as lone as they were in the days before Drake and the Dons trailed on them. It is strange to remember those black and frowning foreshore rocks by the eastward point of Staten Island, some ninety-eight miles north and east of the Horn, and to think that the summer and winter months go by while never a stretch of storm canvas, never a sea-lashed bow, staggers away to the southward, seeking a good offing, a chance to come up to and about the cold corner that we used to hate and to dread so.

Three years ago there came to my home one evening a quiet little man who, introduced to me by a friend, sat in silence, and apparently very disinterested, in an easy-chair while we others talked. It was then over twenty years since I had been at sea. When my wife chanced to move the table lamp, and its ray fell upon a photograph of a fine four-master with her topsails reefed to a Cape Horn blow, he leaped to his feet.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, in surprise, and added, with an intense tone in his voice, "I used to know that ship."

"That was taken off the Horn," said I, and added, "I was with her."

He stood, voiceless, gazing at her noble top-hamper, at the great seas that broke all about her.

"Did you ever know a clipper called Province?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, "she lay alongside us, in Oregon—somewhere round twenty-two years or so ago."

"My heaven, man; I believe I remember you—we used to go ashore together!" he cried.

Brought together quite by accident in a tiny inland village where no one knew anything whatever of the life we used to lead, we sat and talked till the daylight came again.

He had in his pocket an "extra master's certificate," and had served all through the war in steam. But the war, the dreary horror of man's foolish battlings, were all forgotten that night. We said never a word of steam; but talked unendingly of the world as it used to be in the day when we were boys, each ambitious to sail his own good ship, each imagining that there would always be the same world as the boyish world we sailed in.

We remember those hard days, those ill-fed ships, those weary periods of torturing calm upon the line, which were to be so soon followed by the insensate savagery of snow-laden hurricanes, as men who are grown to manhood, who are coming toward old age, recall the faces of the kind women who were good to them as little children. Our world was then filled with glamours of romance. The very ships we sailed were part and parcel of the sea herself, their canvas sisterly amid low driving clouds, their mastheads glittering, gilded, unashamed in the sunshine of wonderfully lovely days.

We recall evenings when crews sang on the main hatch, when fiddles and creaky concertinas played for naked feet to dance. In those days newspapers meant naught to us. Politics were things as much out of our ken, as much devoid of interest, as to-day are the spring-time plans of the cave men to a modern dairy farmer. We lived in a world that had no bearing on us, no bearing that we recognized.

I went to sea two days after the declaration of the war with Spain, and arrived, under sail, on the other side of the world weeks after that war's conclusion.

The old sailing-ship man was something akin to the turtle, the seal, or the whale himself.

A glamour that we did not understand lay over our days. We cursed not seldom the hardships of our life yet were unable to leave them.

When to-day we seem to speak scornfully of the modern seaman and his craft, it is but the inexpressible yearning for our youth that we utter.

Now and again I meet by chance some old deep-water man. They all say the same. The hardest of them, the men in whose faces one can see no sign, in whose tones there seems to linger no regret, all say, after a little while of talking,

"There was no life like it."

Not many months ago I took a journey by auto stage, beside me a severe old patriarch with a drooping white mustache. We said not a word for over three full hours. Then, while passing the creek at Oakland, where lie a few old-time ships, he grunted, and I spoke.

"Tough old hookers," I said.

He flared at me, as though I had insulted something, and said nothing.

"I was in company with *that* ship," said I, "on the night she lost her mate and all his watch overboard," pointing to Star of Russia.

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"Vell! you iss deep-vater man—vy you ain't said so?" he said.

He has a little truck garden, one hundred miles from the sea; an old ship carpenter who had known, and sailed with, ships I used to know.

We ambled off up Market street, talking nineteen to the dozen, discussing sailors' boarding masters, ships, seaports, and men we used to know.

"Eet voss hard life," he said, when at parting we shook hands at a street corner, "but, py Gott, eet voss *man's* life, eh?"

Shore folk, hearing his words, turned to stare at us.

They would not, could not, have understood why two old men should get so excited and should part with regretful faces, with perhaps a hint of moisture in their eyes upon a throbbing street where traffic officers were distractedly busy.

Down at the foot of the street the funnels of steamers rose, where in another day rose graceful skysail yards.

The world has got to swing along, I suppose. I try to take an intelligent interest in politics. The folks next door to me invite me in to listen to singing from a hundred miles away which they somehow contrive to catch in a rummy little instrument. I go and listen to the music from 'Frisco; but I often hear an old man singing, high and cheerily above their modern music,

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
Ah, give us some time to blow the man down.

We, the old-timers, face, with the young men of the brave new ships, the sunset, amazed at a mystery of beauty that is beyond our ken.

What comes beyond the sunset we shall some day see.

There will be beauty there; perhaps one great Captain who will be able to explain to us what thing it was that thralled us so upon the sunset's hither side when we were young sailors.

Good luck,

BILL ADAMS.

Me Too

IN your issue of March 19 you have an article "The More Humbug, the Better Hearing?" I want to say that Henry T. Finck knows his business. He is one of the oldest and one of the best in the game. From his long lifetime of experience you may be sure he has something well worth saying when he utters an opinion. I agree with him that MacDowell is our paramount American composer, that MacDowell is not played, and that "the others" are a sorry poor lot.

East Orange, New Jersey. O. W. BRUEN.

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WANTED, a gentlewoman, 25-30, to be one of the family and help in house and garden of physician's summer home in Connecticut. Please reply by letter, giving qualifications. 4,788, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, highest credentials, desires engagement after March. Invalid alone or elderly couple, preferably those planning ocean travel. 4,734, Outlook.

Business Situations

MANAGER — Executive woman desires position; hotel, club-house, apartment hotel, or restaurant. Understands all details catering and management. Special training. Successful record. 4,797, Outlook.

WANTED, by experienced woman, management of tea room. Country or shore. Would consider renting. 4,799, Outlook.

REFINED New England young lady, educated, experienced shorthand, typewriting, desires anything of secretarial nature. Write particulars, 4,802, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CAPABLE, experienced, cultured woman would manage widower's home or act as companion-housekeeper. Unusually successful with children. Musical. Unencumbered. Would travel. 4,798, Outlook.

COMPANION to elderly lady by refined American woman; Protestant; useful. Excellent references. 4,785, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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WANTED, in Presbyterian family, position as caretaker of children ages 7 to 13—boys preferred. City, country, or travel. Address 4,751, Outlook.

COMPANION—Refined, trustworthy, obliging, as useful household and family member. Experienced; capable sewer; traveled. 4,789, Outlook.

COMPANION, managing housekeeper, and practical nurse wishes position with elderly or semi-invalid. 4,782, Outlook.

WANT position for friends in summer camp or club, one as housemother, other as practical dietitian. 4,801, Outlook.

POSITION desired as social-business secretary, traveling companion, or governess by refined Southern girl, Virginia college graduate, available April 15. Experience as teacher with children, or secretarial, clerical hostess with resort hotel. Prefer trip to California, but consider anywhere. 4,803, Outlook.

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AMERICAN nursery governess, experienced, refined. Highest recommendations. 4,790, Outlook.

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UNIVERSITY student with foreign travel experience and knowledge of European languages, including Scandinavian, desires position for the summer as tutor, companion, or secretary in exchange for traveling expenses. 4,795, Outlook.

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NATIVE French teacher, in private school, Cleveland, with command of English and German, desires summer position. Travel preferred. Tutoring in camp or country. Secretarial experience. 4,796, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

SCHOLARSHIPS available to few desirable boys in nationally known boarding school. Entrance now or September. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

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for
REAL ESTATE ADVERTISING

April 16
Copy necessary April 5

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Copy necessary May 7

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Ford.....34 mi.	Reo.....24 mi.	Chevrolet..32 mi.
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Hupp.....25 mi.	Oakland 6...24 mi.	StdbkrLt6 .23 mi.
Dodge.....28 mi.	Overl'd 4...32 mi.	Cole 8.....17 mi.

If your car is not mentioned here send name and model for particulars and our guarantee on it. AGENTS WANTED

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You can drive any car in heaviest traffic without shifting gears. Starts off on high in any weather without priming or heating—no jerking or choking. No more foul spark plugs or carbon in cylinders. No leaking of gas into crank case. Try it 30 days on our guarantee of money back if not entirely satisfied. No strings to our guarantee. YOU ARE THE JUDGE. Anyone who can handle a wrench can attach it. No boring of new holes or changing of operating mechanism. Write today.

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Luger Pistols barrels 4, 6, 8, 12 and 16 inches. Mauser Pistols, long barrels; holster stocks for both. Mauser Springfield and Mannlicher-Schoenauer sporting rifles. Catalog "A" 10c. *Pacific Arms Corp., Liberty Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.*

School Information FREE

Catalogs of all Girls' or Boys' boarding schools (*and camps*) in U. S. Expert advice free. Relative standing. No fees (Also catalogs of All Nurses' Training Schools)
Write American Schools' Assoc., 1100 Times Bldg., New York, or 1515-A at 159 N. State, Chicago

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The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

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Music Lessons At Home WITH CELEBRATED TEACHERS

Lessons specially prepared for home study. Endorsed by Paderewski. Not a new method. Long established school now celebrating its 20th Anniversary.

Any Instrument Write naming course you are interested in: Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Reed Organ—and we will send FREE CATALOG. SEND for it NOW!

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
933 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

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FRENCH SUMMER SCHOOL
McGILL UNIVERSITY
Montreal, Que.
June 26th to July 31st, 1924. Thoroughly French atmosphere. French only spoken. Instruction in Reading, Pronunciation, Composition Literature. Write for circular to the SECRETARY, FRENCH SUMMER SCHOOL, McGILL UNIVERSITY, Montreal, Que.

TO SCHOOL PROPRIETORS

THE OUTLOOK each week goes into 100,000 substantial, refined homes. It is carefully read by parents who desire the best possible school facilities for their children, and who possess the means to send them to the best private schools. Your advertisement in The Outlook will reach a selected and interested audience.

THE SPECIAL SCHOOL RATE IS 85 CENTS A LINE
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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Are You 100% Well

Leading physicians agree that every person should have periodical Health Surveys—and that those over 40 should have a physical examination at least once a year.

The information thus gained enables one to determine the proper steps to take to improve chronic conditions and to keep health at its highest possible level.

The latest scientific methods for making a complete "physical inventory" are thoroughly explained and illustrated in the booklet, "THE MEASURE OF A MAN." This booklet will be sent free upon request.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
2921 Good Health Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

By the Way

MR. J. H. THOMAS, the new British Secretary for the Colonies, on going to his official quarters for the first time, was met by a porter, according to a story told by Sir John Foster Fraser in "Arts and Decoration." Mr. Thomas told the porter, who barred his way, that he desired to go into the building. "Who do you want to see?" the porter asked. Mr. Thomas replied, "I am not quite sure. I want the Colonial Office. "Yes, but who do you want to see?" demanded the porter. "I want to see the Office," declared Mr. Thomas, and added, "I am the Colonial Secretary." The porter looked at him sternly and turning to another porter said, "Here's another shell-shock patient!"

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Mother—"Did I hear you say 'Darn'?"

Susie—"No, mother. I don't use baby talk."

An ex-Mayor of Chicago recently asserted that there are tree-climbing fishes. The assertion met with much ridicule, but it was, it seems, correct. The *Anabas scandens,* an East Indian fish, can climb small trees, by the aid of its spinous gill-covers, authorities declare. A catalogue could be made of fish that do strange things. There is the well-known flying fish; the fish that gives an electric shock to its enemies; the fish that climbs waterfalls—the salmon; the fish that builds a nest—the stickleback; the fish that angles for its prey, and the one that seeks it with a phosphorescent torch; and the fish described by Colonel Roosevelt, the piranha, "the embodiment of evil ferocity," that is as fierce in its lust for blood as any wild beast.

From "Science and Invention:"

In answer to an advertisement of a new patent on "How to Get Rid of Fat," a very fleshy lady sent in one dollar for the required information.

The answer she received was as follows: "To get rid of fat throw it in the garbage can."

Four classes of women, according to a contributor to "Printer's Ink," are large buyers of merchandise. First comes the housewife; second, the "society woman"—the chief consumer of fashionable clothing, cosmetics, toilet articles and all sorts of high-priced luxuries; third, the "club woman"—a new class; fourth, the business woman—an ever-increasing class with an entirely different set of needs from the woman in the home. The housewife is, however, the most important purchaser of all. "In the matter of purchasing," the article quoted says, "a housewife's tasks are enormously more varied than those of any manufacturer or buyer in any line of business. She has to buy milk and shoes, furniture and meat, magazines and fruit, hats and underwear, bedding and disinfectants, rugs and candy—and an infinity of other articles covering a range unthinkable to a business man." Discriminating advertisers will prepare their "copy" accordingly.

"In order that the child may develop naturally," says F. E. Bolton in "Everyday Psychology for Teachers," "it is necessary that each stage of growth be passed through normally before passing on to the next higher. . . . A little girl was watching with great interest the process of the incubation of hen's eggs. As the chicks neared the time for emerging from the eggs, some were several hours in pecking their way out of the shell. The little girl felt sorry for them and concluded to help them out. She broke some of the shells. The result you know. Those chicks either died or were deformed."

The dropped "h" of the Cockney has furnished material for laughter from time immemorial. E. H. Sothern tells in his Reminiscences of a case in point. In acting "Damon and Pythias" in his early days he took part in the Senate scene where a leading character declares, "I do asseverate it is the vote." Other Senators cry, "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" A super was called on to echo the cry. He said, in rehearsal, "And *Hi!*" Being called to account, he promised to practice till he could overcome the difficulty. At the performance the Senators shouted, "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" till the Englishman was reached. He yelled "And *me!*"

A correspondent who perhaps underrates the ingenuity of Outlook readers sends us the following riddle and says we had better give with it the answer, or rather answers, as "it's unguessable." Some of our readers may like to test their powers on it, however:

My name denotes my whole to be
The morning of a Christian year.
Though motherless, as all agree,
I am a mother, that is clear.
A father too, without dispute.
And when my son comes, that's a fruit.
Now, lest I puzzle you too much,
'Twas I saved Holland for the Dutch.

Will Mr. G. Livingston, formerly of Ontario, Oregon, please send to the Editors of The Outlook his present address?

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